

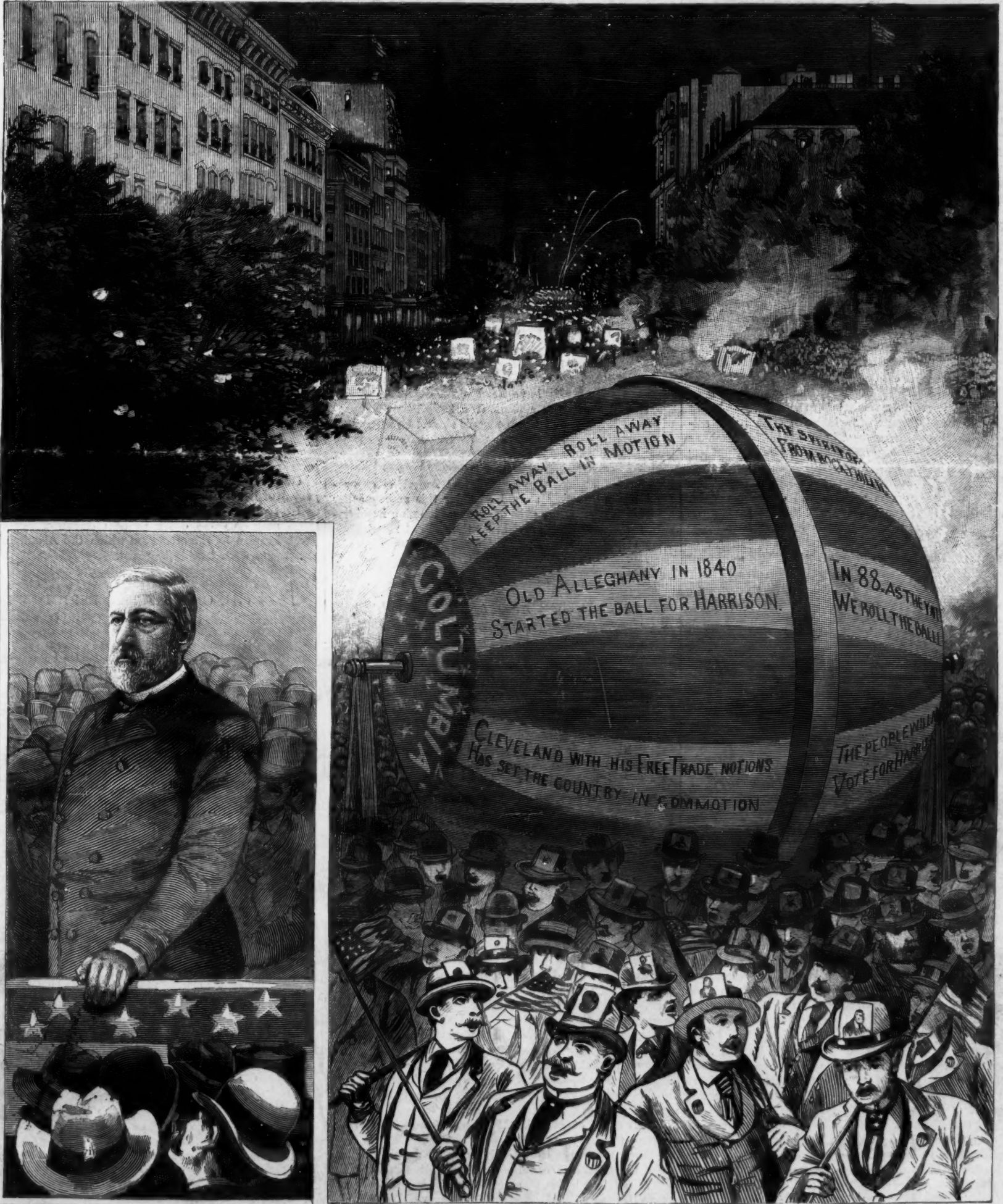
FRANK LESLIE'S  
**THE NEW YORK**  
**SHERIDAN**  
**NEWSPAPER**

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second-class Matter.

No. 1,718.—Vol. LXVII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 18, 1888.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



LABOR SERENADE AND SPEECH ON FRIDAY EVENING.

THE GRAND PARADE ON THURSDAY EVENING—THE CUMBERLAND (MD.) "HARRISON BALL" PASSING MADISON SQUARE.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATIONS IN HONOR OF MR. BLAINE'S RETURN FROM EUROPE, AUGUST 9TH-10TH. FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 7.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1888.

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

HAD the death of General Sheridan occurred at a time when this country was involved in war, the deplorable character of this national calamity would have been more fully realized by all. And yet, as he would have had thirty-one years to live before reaching the present age of Von Moltke, how many battles might he not have won had he attained the age of the greatest of living strategists? But this is a view of Sheridan's loss from the standpoint of national interest. He had won battles enough to reap a grateful Republic's highest honors and rewards. He had lived long enough to take his place among the world's first generals. General Grant ranked Sheridan among the very foremost of modern soldiers. Due allowance is to be made, perhaps, for a personal partiality in this estimate, although conceding its high authority. The greatest of modern military leaders, judging by the results accomplished, were Marlborough, Von Moltke, Grant, Wellington and Napoleon. We place Napoleon last because his Russian Winter campaign and his defeats at Leipsic and Waterloo were more disastrous than any campaigns or battles fought by the worst generals of his age. It is to the next class of great historic soldiers that General Sheridan clearly belongs—the class embracing Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Blücher and Turenne. These born soldiers only lacked the independent command of great armies long enough to have raised themselves to a level with the greatest.

Restricting our view to our own country, history tells us that Generals Washington, Greene, Wayne and Lafayette rendered the most valuable services in the Revolution, and that Generals Jackson, Harrison, Scott and Taylor gained the most victories, on land, in the War of 1812 and the War with Mexico. Leaving Washington out of the comparison, who seems to constitute with Grant a grade apart, Winfield Scott is the only one of these illustrious American generals whose services in extent and brilliancy equal those of General Sheridan. He therefore must be placed near the head of the class, just below Grant and Washington, which includes such noble soldiers as Sheridan, Sherman, Thomas, Meade, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson, and our greatest Indian fighter, William Henry Harrison. Of all the great generals of the Civil War, Sheridan will surely live as long as any in the affections of the common soldiers and common people. He appeals to their imagination with fullest force when he turns defeats and retreats into advances and victories. "Little Phil," like the "Little Corporal," got nearer to his soldiers than other generals did. His convivial habits, which in some respects may finally have cost him dearly, undeniably tended to make him an immense favorite with his subordinate officers. While lacking the sobriety of judgment and solidity of understanding of General George H. Thomas, and the originality and versatility of General Sherman, Sheridan possessed and exhibited always a sprightly wit and a fund of humor which made him a delightful companion to even the Bismarcks among men, no less than to the most gifted of women. Although not a politician or a statesman, he was an accomplished soldier and an accomplished man of the world. He was one of the half-dozen generals in history who never lost a battle.

No soldier ever had a more fitting resting-place than General Sheridan will have. The beauty and the extent of the prospect which Nature has outspread beneath the Heights of Arlington are, in the opinion of many, not surpassed in the world. And with an army of dead comrades buried by his side, the great warrior's spirit will still seem to be in martial command.

A NEW PHASE OF THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

THE results of the immigration investigation in this city, and the disclosures regarding Italian contract labor in Pittsburg, will hardly surprise those who have followed the subject closely, although some of the facts brought to light have been received with astonishment. The matter has its sensational phases, but this is not the kind of sensation which lasts only for a day. The investigations of the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph have shown the darkest side of the miserable padrone system. Thousands of the poorest and most ignorant Italians have been brought over and set to work under the direction of agents. Of these there are said to be fifteen, who are in close communication with other agents, who are actively employed in watching Castle Garden and the boarding-houses, and piloting the new-comers to their destination. All these immigrants are compelled to pay heavy taxes to the padrones out of their scanty earnings, and their labor of course is offered at the cheapest price, inasmuch as the laborers live in a way which no decent human being would tolerate. This is servile labor in its worst form. To be sure, these wretched beings are entitled to sympathy; and yet Americans may well ask for

sympathy also, when it is considered that these Italians, by remaining here a comparatively short time, may obtain the right to vote. We have already alluded to the results of the Congressional investigation of the importation of convicts and paupers. The Munich society which has been deporting German convicts to this country was, after all, only acting upon the idea regarding America which seems to prevail in most European countries. Once America was looked upon as literally the land of liberty, but she apparently has come to be regarded as the land of license. Once she was entitled the home of the poor and oppressed, and now it seems to be believed that America will furnish homes for those poor through their own worthlessness, and also for those "oppressed" because the restraint of law keeps them from crime. But there was one point brought out by some of the Italian testimony at this investigation which might have been enlarged upon. Some of the poor wretches stated that they had been persuaded to emigrate to this country by the representations of "sharps" working in the interest of a steamship company. Although the padrone system has received abundant condemnation, very little attention has been paid to the influence of the agents of steamship and railroad lines who are scattered all over Europe. The larger companies have general agents and central headquarters abroad, and special agents in all countries where it may be possible to obtain any emigration to the United States. Their object, and their only one, is to increase the travel on their respective lines. The competition is keen. Through rates have been made so low from Europe to California, that the ocean journey was actually made free to the emigrant. The business, even at low rates, is a profitable one, and it is a matter of pride as well as interest for an agent to make a good showing of his work. Nobody can expect an agent, whose salary may depend upon the number of emigrants whom he procures, to make any investigation into their capacity for work or their moral character. His only interest is to secure the small sum demanded for transportation. To obtain this, the "missionaries" of various companies travel through Europe, literally gathering up the halt and the blind, the incapables and the incompetents, circulating fairy tales regarding the wonderful land of boundless liberty and untold wealth, and filling Castle Garden with swarms of immigrants whose chief idea is that America means license and gold. This kind of "assisted immigration" has passed unnoticed, as regards methods, although the results have been often deplored. This, too, should receive attention. We have consuls everywhere in Europe, and these consuls should be instructed to use every possible means to make the truth known regarding our country. In various ways much might be done to counteract the misrepresentations of the emigration agents. Those who believe that American citizenship has a meaning should consider this among other safeguards against the evils of an overwhelming immigration, for it has been proved that the present restrictions upon steamship traffic are not sufficiently severe, while the railroads are not restricted at all.

MEDIATION AND ARBITRATION.

THE first Annual Report of the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration fills a volume of 734 pages, and contains information of more than ordinary interest. The vesting the power of mediation and of investigation at discretion in the Board has had a deterrent influence, it appears, upon disturbing social elements and labor disputes. The moral effect of bringing the power of the State to bear, and the restraining influence of publicity in the Board's inquiries, have been far-reaching and salutary. Beneficial results or a permanent adjustment of disputes and differences have followed the lengthy investigations into the difficulties between the boot and shoe makers of New York and their employers, and also inquiries into strikes and other troubles among those who are employed as brickmakers, carbuilders, chandelier manufacturers, compositors, laborers, locomotive engineers, longshoremen, mill operatives, shirtmakers and silversmiths. Arbitration under the United States Government and under the laws in force in various States is discussed with more or less fullness. The character of industrial arbitration in England and France is described, showing that France was earliest in moving on this line of reform. Under Napoleon I., the Court of Arbitration assumed general powers. It consisted of not less than four members, composed equally of masters and men. The President is appointed by the Government from among those already elected as arbitrators. The latter are elected by ballot, the workmen and employers of each particular trade voting in the ordinary way. The Council is divided into a General Bureau and a Special Bureau. The Special Bureau, composed of one employer and one workman, conciliates or quiets two-thirds of the disputants. The General Bureau, or full Court, settles all cases of appeal. Members of this Council are chosen for six years.

Since 1860 arbitration has been resorted to in England with very beneficial results. Strikes, riots, the breaking of machinery, lockouts and various industrial disputes have been prevented or ended by this means. Millions of dollars have been saved in the coal trade alone.

It seems to follow, from the progress made in France, England and the United States, that this system of mediation and arbitration under the authority of the State

must be persevered in and perfected until both the employer and employed will be convinced that equal and exact justice can be had through these peaceful agencies. Through mutual forbearance capital may prove itself to be a friend of labor, and labor may conquer capital through conciliation.

PEACE IN EUROPE.

THE Berlin *National Zeitung*, speaking, it must be believed, by authority, announced a week ago that Prince Bismarck had expressed the greatest pleasure at the result of the meeting between the Emperor and the Czar, and had affirmed that peace was now assured, so far as human calculation could go, for many years. No man is better entitled to express his mind on such a matter than Prince Bismarck, and the world will be glad to believe the good news, when the many years of peace have come and gone. In the interim, a good deal of skepticism is not only premissible, but absolutely irresistible and obligatory. Germany and Russia understand, if they are so sure of peace, that France is left without an ally and cannot move against Germany. They have made sure of Austria by agreeing between themselves to give her compensation for keeping quiet; and they are about to try the difficult task, worthy of Prince Bismarck's statesmanship, of winning over England to their side. They feel sure of Italy, because she is in constant danger of a collision with France, and must, as the two Northern Emperors believe, rely upon Germany for protection. These are the apparent relations of the Great Powers to each other, and if they were certain to endure without complication, and there were no other elements to be taken into account, men might

"Pipe on their pastoral hillock a languid note."

The picture is too bright. If Russia has been gained to the German alliance, she has had something for it. If Austria, and especially Hungary, is to allow Russia to have her way in Bulgaria, it can only be because Austria is to be indemnified. How is England to be induced to lay aside her hostility to Russia and to give the support of her fleet to the peacemakers? Evidently not by soft words. Italy may require support against France, but Italy is still formidable enough to make conditions for throwing her weight on the right side. Each one of these Powers must be paid its price, out of the Turkish Empire. Russia, Austria, England, Italy, will get accessions of territory at the expense of the Sultan; and to get these, there must be war. Let the war begin, and who can stop it, or say what will be the complications and the broken treaties—what alliances will disappear, or what new ones be formed?

Germany is apparently to have nothing but the approval of her own conscience, while other nations grasp at land; but appearances are sometimes deceitful, and there may be some other peoples drawn towards the great Empire by the attraction which the Alsations and Lorrainers were unable to resist.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

THE consummate flower of culture would be the ideal young girl, a bud of promise which in itself would be both perfection present and perfection potential. That the girl of the period falls sadly short of this type and ideal of perfection is proof enough that culture has yet far to go to achieve its full possibilities; but it can hardly be disputed that, while our standard of culture has been rapidly advancing, there is in the prevailing type of young womanhood, if not a decided falling off from the standard of a few generations ago, at least a most significant failure to keep abreast of the general advance. Our literature, our manners, our social life, our general refinement, our standards of education, are far in advance of what they were a hundred years ago: but what shall we say of our young girls?

It is needless to describe the girl of the period—we all know her perfectly well; and yet, the better we know her, the more we are driven to shrug our shoulders and declare that the ways of woman are past finding out. She is inexplicable to us, yet we feel her shallowness; she is a puzzle, but no longer a divine mystery; she is far more capable, more self-reliant, more nearly equal to life's emergencies, more jolly, more clubbable than the girl of other days; but where is the requisite odor of womanliness, the enchanting reserve, the half-timid courtesy, of those older days? Where the elegant repose, the soft *gentlewomanliness* which culture sought to develop in even fuller perfection?

It may seem paradoxical, but it may still be true, that the gradual loss of the fine aroma of womanliness among young girls is due to the want of masculine influence in their home-training. Certain it is that the fathers of to-day are far less concerned in the training of their daughters than were the fathers of a former generation. Yet a girl, especially a girl just budding into womanhood, needs a father's influence no less than a boy needs his mother's as the years of young manhood draw on. All that has been said of the inestimable value to a youth of his mother's companionship and sympathy applies with no less truth in the case of fathers and daughters. That is a one-sided training, however conscientious, and that a one-sided development, however carefully tended, which has had only the feminine element in its nurture. The more mysterious the daughter is to her father, the more does she need the influence of his heart and mind upon her own.

We do not believe that the absence of paternal influence, so conspicuous in the training of the girl of the period, is wholly due to negligence, deliberate or inadvertent, on the part of fathers. Nor can it be wholly attributed to the growing demands of business life and of the modern system of education. The key of the enigma, we believe, is to be found in the indirect and unrecognized pressure of the woman's rights movement upon the high-minded, chivalrous, generous men of the time. It is impossible to read the utterances of such women as spoke at the recent International Council and not be impressed with the fact that women are fast coming to look upon man as not only their natural enemy, but as an enemy no longer to be feared. Rather, he is a disarmed foe,



who may be half-contemptuously tolerated. It is the natural reaction from ages of injustice, perhaps: it is none the less disastrous. Especially marked was this tone of feeling in the addresses given in the Social Purity meeting. Nobly brave and true as were some of the utterances of that day, this tone of superiority, of contemptuous antagonism, was evident in every one of them with hardly an exception.

It may not be easy for a chivalrous, high-minded man, who thoroughly respects and trusts his wife, to assert himself in the matter of household discipline. It is far easier to admit his assumed incapacity to understand his daughters, and leave their training in the hands he so loves and admires. But girls need their father's restraining as well as his supporting judgment, and for their sake, for the sake of future generations, fathers may not neglect a duty so imperative and so sacred.

### THE BLESSING OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE man who can get up from reading any good daily or weekly newspaper without feeling that it has given him something worth thinking and talking about must be a very empty-headed person. And to have something suggested which is really worth thinking and talking about is a blessing no one truly appreciates till fate throws him with a class of people who, for lack of some such stimulus, live year in and year out on one or two stale, threadbare ideas. These are the people who fall back on their rheumatism, or the weather, as the only available topics for a lively conversation; and oh! how indescribably tedious it is to be compelled to endure them. One great blessing of a good newspaper is that it sets many minds astir on the same subject at the same time, and makes a common fund for discussion. Even the most exciting subject wears out in time; and in order that curiosity may not fail for lack of material, the newspapers are constantly on the lookout for something new. For example, they have been giving the people valuable information about bobtail street-cars *apropos* of a fatal accident due to their use, when presto! change! theology takes the place of honor in their columns. The Pan-Anglican and the Pan-Presbyterian Conferences meet in London and discuss, among others, one question which is literally a burning one for the heathen, but which happily has no application to our own Uncle Johns and Aunt Marys now in heaven. Forthwith more theology is talked on the street, in business offices and at the workbench than in an ordinary month of Sundays. People begin to wonder whether it is really so that all heathen must perish if they are unfortunate enough never to hear the Gospel preached. Even the small boys, always on the alert for an alarm of fire, prick up their ears at this threatened wholesale conflagration, and begin to ask questions. When they learn that a small theological fire-extinguishing department, led by a few easy-going clergymen, propose to throw cooling water into this fiery gulf, they want to run with that engine. These boys, once strangely indifferent to the five points of Calvinism, now come forward as zealous partisans of their individual principles. To what is this result due if not to the newspapers that agitate the subject?

Of course, a newspaper can do little in the matter of conversation for the man who refuses to think, and who never learns how to express himself. Its business is to give data for thinking. It shows the world as it is, good and bad. It tells a man something about Bismarck and Boulanger and Emperor William, and that must be his start in finding out all about them. It tells him the details of a big bank robbery, and gives him the chance, when he has learned all about "crooks" and "cracksters," to go and do otherwise himself. The end of ends is to make him observe for himself; to-day, to interest him with one thing—to-morrow, with another, until all really important subjects are brought before his mind. He will investigate at least a few of these, and, as he does so, his ideas will broaden and his conversation will become agreeable and instructive—all because "he reads the newspapers."

### DECORATION APPLIED TO TROUSERS.

ONE of Mr. Ruskin's excellent sayings is, "Where you rest, 'here decorate.'" This has been construed by certain possessors of a lively fancy in a manner which the author certainly never intended. These irreverent persons argue that people rest in bed and in church, and the painting of pictures upon the footboards of beds, and upon the tempting surfaces offered by the bald heads of elderly gentlemen at church, would be carrying out Mr. Ruskin's injunction, and would also impart much variety, not to say "local color," to what would otherwise be blank and commonplace. But it appears that a new phase of decoration is at hand, and, although it is in no way associated with rest, it will doubtless receive Mr. Ruskin's interested attention. We have before alluded to various tendencies to decorative and picturesque effects in modern costume as illustrated in the astonishing brilliancy of scarfs, the intense and variegated coloring of shirts, the temporary use of sashes or cummerbunds, the rainbow hues of pajamas and bath-wraps, the prevalence of white flannel and of knee-breeches—although the masculine calves are by no means necessarily picturesque—and the splendor of the jewelry and metal work affected by those who are commonly known as "golden youth." But there is a new development of this interesting tendency which is certainly entitled to thoughtful consideration. We refer to the rumor that an effort is to be made to bring into fashion the wearing of decorated trousers.

Now, it must be acknowledged that a pair of trousers in itself is not an article of apparel which would have been cheerfully donned by Alcibiades or would have commended itself to the artistic eye of Phidias. Nor can it be said that this garment has been beautiful at any period of a history which begins with the reign of George IV. We may follow the successive changes from knee-breeches to tights with garters, from skin-tight trousers buttoning at the ankle, and trousers only moderately tight, to loose and straight trousers worn with straps. We may call up visions of the vast checks worn about 1850, and of their successors, the extraordinary "peg-tops," abnormally large above and small below; or, if our memory does not go back so far, we may recall the simple changes from small bottoms to flaring spring bottoms, from the straight trousers of 1879 to the tight trousers of 1882, the adoption of creases, once eschewed as a sign of the "ready-made," the passing of the crease and the various recent modifications which have been made in size. But it will be seen that these are but comparatively uninteresting and often very slight changes, betraying poverty of invention and no trace whatever of artistic design. If we examine our public statues, some of which date back thirty or forty years, we see that nearly all our great men attest their greatness by appearing to be very much ashamed of the shapeless bags which incase their legs. Nearly all seek to conceal their trousers as far as possible by some folds of drapery, or even by their coat-tails, when sitting; and where concealment has been impossible, the spectator at once sympathizes with the evident distress caused by the exhibition of the trousers. The tailors have failed, as we have shown, to improve upon a con-

ventional and worthy design, and now it is understood that a crusade is to be begun in behalf of trousers, if not "hand-painted" with tasteful designs, at least elaborately embroidered in a fashion which will make a panorama of masculine legs a panorama of beauty.

It will be seen that a pair of trousers offers an opportunity for a most entertaining variety of ornamentation. There is one broad surface, but this will be only lightly touched upon, while artists will devote most of their attention to devising panel pictures, as it were, for the legs. Upright Japanese designs will probably come into general favor, while the search for original subjects and special grace and boldness of treatment will undoubtedly stimulate much latent artistic talent. Since we already have competition in designs for wall-paper and Christmas cards, it is reasonable to expect that we may see exhibitions of competitive designs for the decoration of trousers. Some of the designs adopted may be of a business or professional or political character, but we prefer to think that the purely æsthetic will triumph. Moreover, this will be a work which will open a new field for young women who have "artistic" tastes and also a special interest in some wearer of the garment in question. Embroidered suspenders and slippers have become somewhat trite as marks of affection or esteem, and the advent of embroidered or hand-painted trousers will receive an enthusiastic welcome. It may be trying for a poorly salaried young man to buy trousers upon which his sweetheart may expend her artistic genius, but there will be much compensation, in following the changes in the seasons, for example, and wearing Easter lilies on each trouser-leg in the Spring, roses in June, golden-rod in August and asters in September, to be followed later by varied combinations of Autumn leaves. As to the extent to which this decoration may be carried, it is unnecessary to speak. The fashion, it is true, has not come from Paris or London, and it has been first promulgated in a Chicago newspaper, so that its progress may be slow. But we trust that it may not be scornfully received in the East because it comes from the home of pork. Æstheticism is making rapid progress in Chicago, and this is its latest development. The fitness of the idea will commend it to all lovers of the beautiful, and we may yet hope to see our streets adorned by processions of trouser-legs which would dim the magnificence of Solomon.

### ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

SUPERSTITION knows no bounds. Ever since men began to be civilized there have been theorists who have made a living—and some of them a very handsome living—by professing to impart some wonderful secret which should increase the beauty, or prolong the youth, or strengthen the memory, of the credulous disciple. All men, and some women, like to be thought young and beautiful; and the advantage of being able to say at any moment when Queen Elizabeth died and who stabbed Eglon, King of Moab, is obvious to the meanest capacity. Teachers of memory will always find occupation, but those who think of employing them should think twice. There were distinguished professors of the art in antiquity, Greeks for the most part, omniscient and shifty, and ready, as Juvenal says, to undertake anything, from rope-dancing to scaling heaven, for a consideration. Metrodorus, it is said by Pliny, could repeat literally anything that he had once heard. Like astrology and divination, mnemonics has just that sufficient air of relation to reality which is sure to mislead the unthinking and the uncritical; and with the revival of learning in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, this fantastic science came again into notice. It has never quite lapsed into obscurity since that time, and one of its modern teachers, the monk Feinaigle, who flourished in Paris and London in the first years of the present century, has secured an immortality from Byron, in his description of Don Juan's mother:

"Her memory was a mine; she knew by heart  
All Calderon, and greater part of Lope.  
If any actor had forgot his part,  
She could have served him for the prompter's copy.  
For her Feinaigle's were a useless art,  
And he himself obliged to shut up shop; he  
Could never make a memory so fine as  
That which adorned the brain of Doña Inez."

It is to be hoped that not many readers can recall, as part of their personal experience, the career of M. Gouraud, who created an excitement in this country forty years ago with his system of "phreno-mnemonotechny," the idea of which was an application of the Arabic numerals. The syllables, *se, te, ne, me, re, le, she, ke, fe, pe*, represented the nine figures and the cipher, and by the combination of these syllables the mind was to lay hold at once on any fact, or date, or passage, and reproduce it without error.

Part of the charm in all these systems lies in the abracadabra, the unintelligibility of a formula which affects the mind of the neophyte with its cadence, just as the old woman found that it did her good all over to hear that "sweet word, Mesopotamia." The formula and the readiness to believe in anything that promises to do away with the obdurate law of hard work will account for much; but how does it happen that no one of the thousands who have wasted substance and time on these hollow deceits has left a record of his experience? That experience has been, by the nature of the case, uniform. No man has ever yet been found who succeeded in acquiring strength of memory by any other process than continual practice and effort. Those who seem to improve by following a system of mnemonics, improve only because they then first seriously give the memory work to do. The law for this is the same as the law for every power, mental or physical, as well as for every organ: give it exercise and practice, and it improves and gathers strength; neglect it, and the organ or the power dies.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL's remarks upon international copyright, at the recent London Criterion dinner, were characterized by the speaker's usual justness of perception. He asserted that if copyright were once established it would be welcomed by the great majority of readers, who would only wonder that they had been so long without it. Mr. Lowell's tone was hopeful, and yet, despite last year's thorough agitation of the subject, the Chace Bill, which has been accepted as a generally satisfactory measure, has not yet become a law. There is no politics in the Bill, and this perhaps accounts partly for the delay of the House to act upon it. The Senate discussion developed no opposition worthy of serious consideration. It is a pity that the tariff and Presidential politics should delay the performance of a simple act of justice to American authors.

The flattering reports from Chicago regarding the success of Theodore Thomas's recent concert season in that city are followed by the unwelcome announcement that there is a strong probability that the famous musical organization, as it is now formed, will not exist during the coming Winter in New York. Although Mr. Thomas expects to keep track of the members and summon them together when necessary, he says there is no hall in New York suitable for his

orchestra and satisfactory to himself and the public. Propositions are now pending for concerts to occupy the coming Winter season in Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago and Cincinnati. For the following season Mr. Thomas has received positive guarantees and promises that a suitable place in New York for Winter concerts will be prepared. It is understood that this will be the new Madison Square Garden building. There will be widespread regret if the lack of a good concert-hall deprives New York next Winter of one of the most familiar, enjoyable and instructive features of its musical season.

THERE is a great deal of "contemporaneous human interest" about the performances of the great people of the earth in Europe. If it is true that the Dowager Empress of Germany sent the late Emperor's diary to England and proposes to publish it, her motives were probably not only a wish to do honor to her husband's memory, but also a willingness to score a point against Bismarck and to edify the world by some very plain speaking. There is something amusing in the thought of Queen Victoria scurrying home with the diary stowed away among her luggage. But it might be anything but amusing if the story is true, and if Bismarck should be directed by the Emperor of Germany to make a formal demand for the diary upon the Queen of England. It must be said that there is a sort of comic-opera flavor about the tale, but something of the kind was needed to relieve the pathos of the forcible separation of the Queen of Serbia from her son. Romance offers few sadder and more pathetic situations.

GENERAL HARRISON continues to receive and address, almost daily, large delegations of visitors from Indiana and the adjoining States, and so far he has undergone the difficult ordeal of talking on all sorts of subjects with conspicuous success. Whether he can hold out on the exalted plane so far pursued is yet to be seen. One of his most significant speeches was made to a large delegation of Illinoisans, whom he thus addressed:

"An American political canvass, when we look through the gilt and tinsel that accompany it, presents a scene of profound interest to the student of government. The theory upon which our Government is built is that every qualified elector shall have an equal influence at the ballot-box with every other. Our constitutions do not recognize fractional votes; they do not recognize the right of one man to count one and a half in the determination of public questions. It is wisely provided that whatever differences may exist in intelligence, in wealth or in any other respect, at the ballot-box there shall be absolute equality. No interest can be truly subserved, whether local or general, by any invasion of this great principle. The wise work of our fathers in constructing this Government will stand all tests of internal dissension and revolution, all tests of external assault, if we can only preserve a pure, free ballot. Every citizen who is a patriot ought to lend his influence to that end, by promoting necessary reforms in our election laws, and by a watchful supervision of the processes of our popular elections. We ought to elevate in thought and practice the free suffrage that we enjoy."

THE Parnell Commission Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons, on the 8th of August, by a vote of 180 to 64. Many Members had left town before the matter came up, but there would hardly have been any great change in the vote even had the House been full. It was a foregone conclusion that the Bill would pass, and the Liberals contented themselves with forcing the Government to display more clearly at every step its set purpose of stifling discussion even at the cost of violating parliamentary rights and usage. As if to make its arbitrary conduct visible to the dimmest sight, the Government brought in at the last moment what it called additional clauses, embodying some of the very amendments rejected without division when offered by the Parnellites. One of these clauses empowers the Commission to issue a warrant for any witness who refuses to attend, and to imprison him for contempt of court. This will reach the London *Times*, and compel Mr. Walter to say how he came into possession of the letters published under Mr. Parnell's name. The proprietor of the *Times* may well be dismayed at the inevitable retribution waiting for him, and following, too, so hard on the overthrow of Mr. Chamberlain, who was urged forward by his evil genius to raise a question of veracity between himself and Mr. Parnell. The immediate demand upon Mr. Chamberlain to publish the papers in which, as he declared, Mr. Parnell had made with his own hand additions and erasures that condemned him, had to be met with brave words, if also with reluctant action. Papers of such a character, and so conclusive in their relations, ought to be within reach at a moment's notice; and many persons in London and elsewhere have expressed surprise at Mr. Chamberlain's promise to produce in a few days what the public had a right to expect to see the day after Mr. Parnell's challenge appeared. The outcome of this publication will be fatal to Mr. Chamberlain, for even the hostile and unsympathetic minds in England are impressed by the dauntless bearing and the firm assertion that tell of conscious integrity in Parnell. Once more it is not he, but his accusers, that men are to judge.

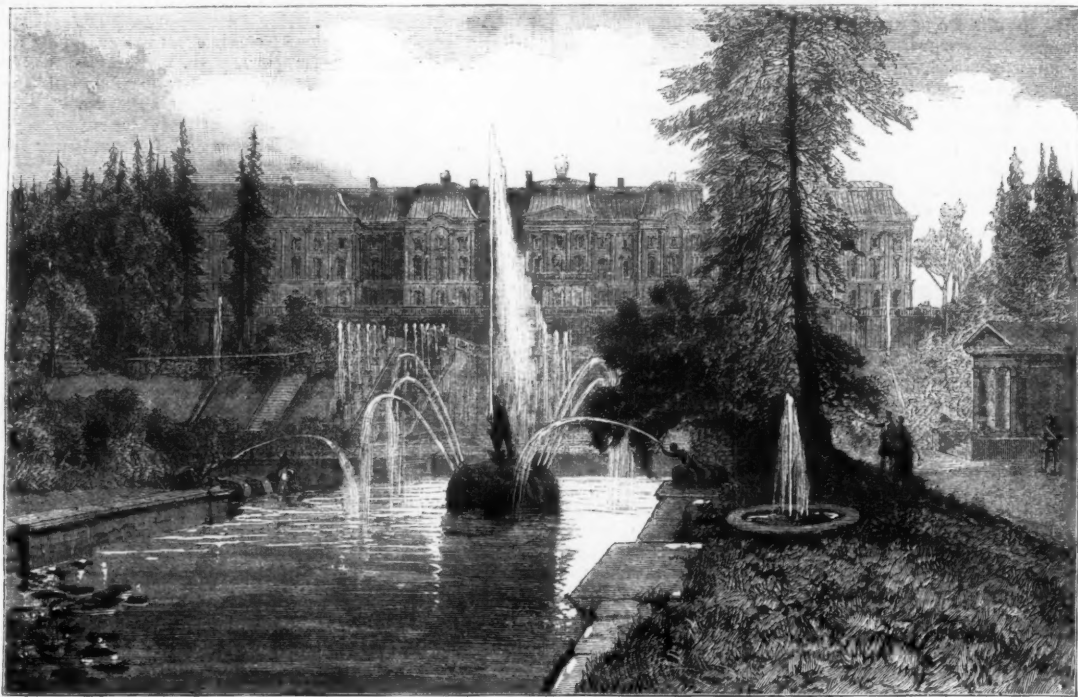
THE *Library Journal* for July, taking for a text a communication to the *Critic*, complains with a good deal of indignation of the formula, "Very respectfully, your obedient servant." This formula, it seems, is used in the circulars for acknowledgment sent out from certain of the Government offices at Washington; and the *Library Journal* thinks it to be a superfluity of abasement for a gentleman to sign an acknowledgment with such a sting in its tail. Republican simplicity of this high temper is so rare that it ought to be precious to its owner—too precious, indeed, to be wasted upon an unfeeling world. The offensive part of the formula is the "obedient servant," and the *Journal* evidently conceives that the person who uses these words professes thereby his readiness to black the other man's boots, or scrub down his doorstep. This seems to be, for an organ of enlightened men, more or less tainted with literature hardly up to the mark of primary acquaintance with civilized life. The natural man, it may be necessary to remind the *Journal*, is the only human being who can dispense with forms of courtesy and deference. He takes what he wants without saying, "By your leave," or "If you please," or "I beg your pardon"; and he grabs what is offered him without the ghost of an idea that anything is due to the giver. Is this the ideal of the true republican? The forms of courtesy may be overdone, at times, but they are indispensable in the friction of life, and though one may be more elaborate than another, there is no one of them that can be spared. To accept any of them in the literal sense of the words is to stultify one's self. If a man is servile because he signs his name under the phrase, "Your obedient servant," then he is false-hearted when he declares himself to be "Yours, truly," or "Yours, respectfully," and proclaims himself a liar when he begins a letter with "Dear sir." There is no half-way house in this direction. In purely official correspondence a stereotyped form is better for both parties, and the one which—for sufficient reasons, no doubt—seems to be preferred by the War Department means just as much and just as little as the self-conscious simplicity of style proposed by the *Library Journal*.



Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 6.



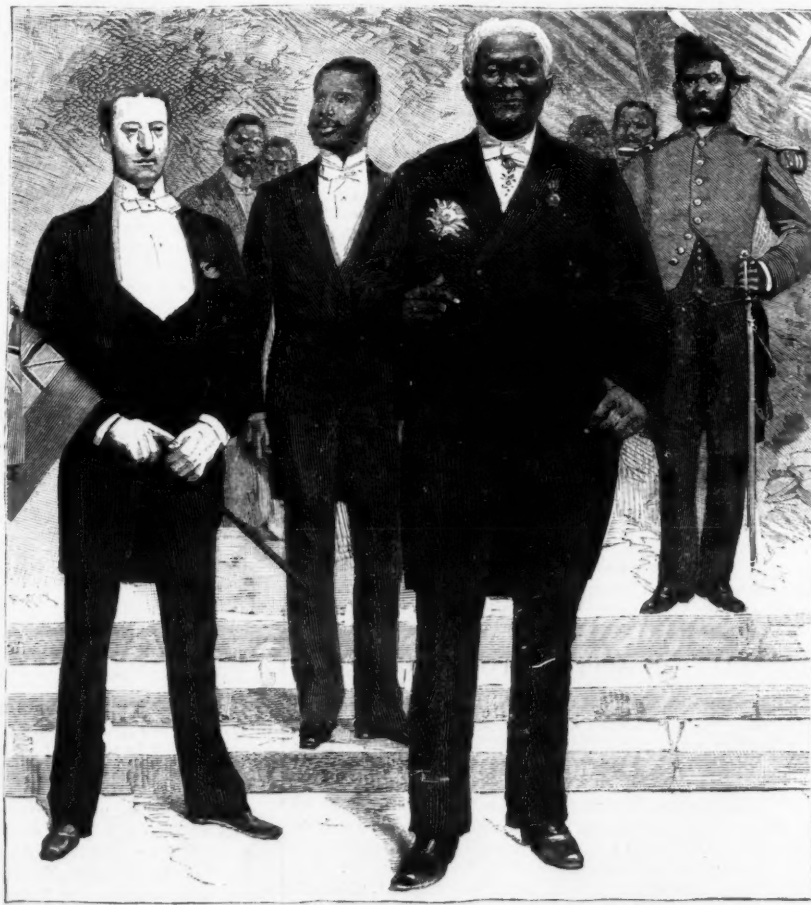
SERBIA.—THE CROWN PRINCE ALEXANDER.



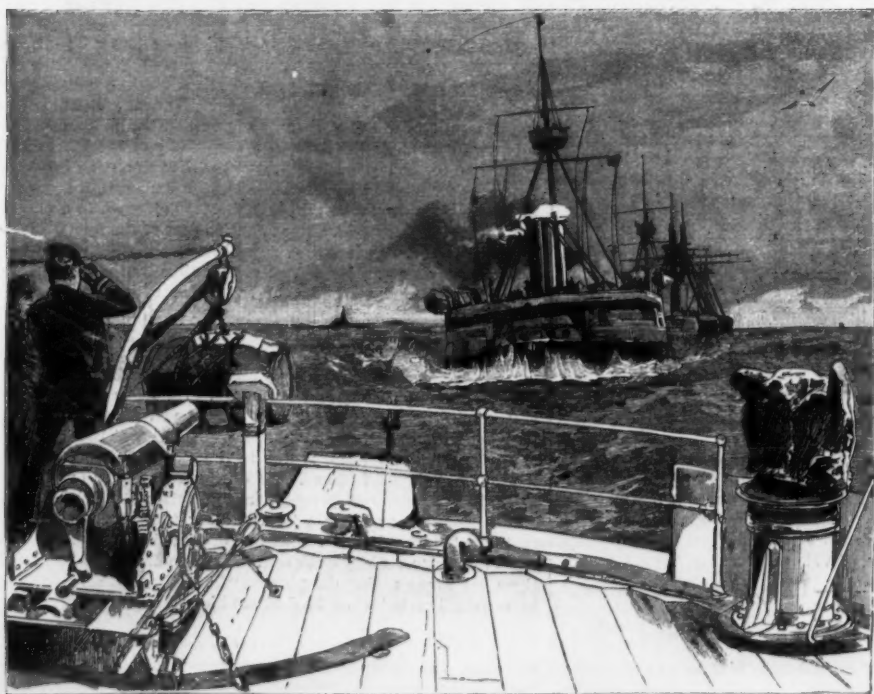
RUSSIA.—THE CASTLE OF PETERHOF, GULF OF FINLAND, WHERE THE CZAR RECEIVED THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.



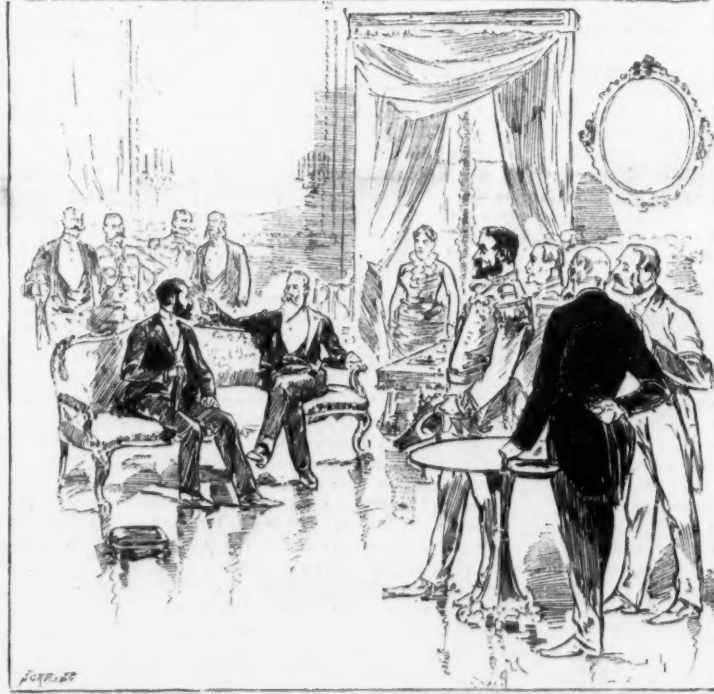
SCANDINAVIA.—VIEWING THE MIDNIGHT SUN, FROM THE DECK OF A NORWEGIAN STEAMER.



HAYTI.—GENERAL SALOMON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

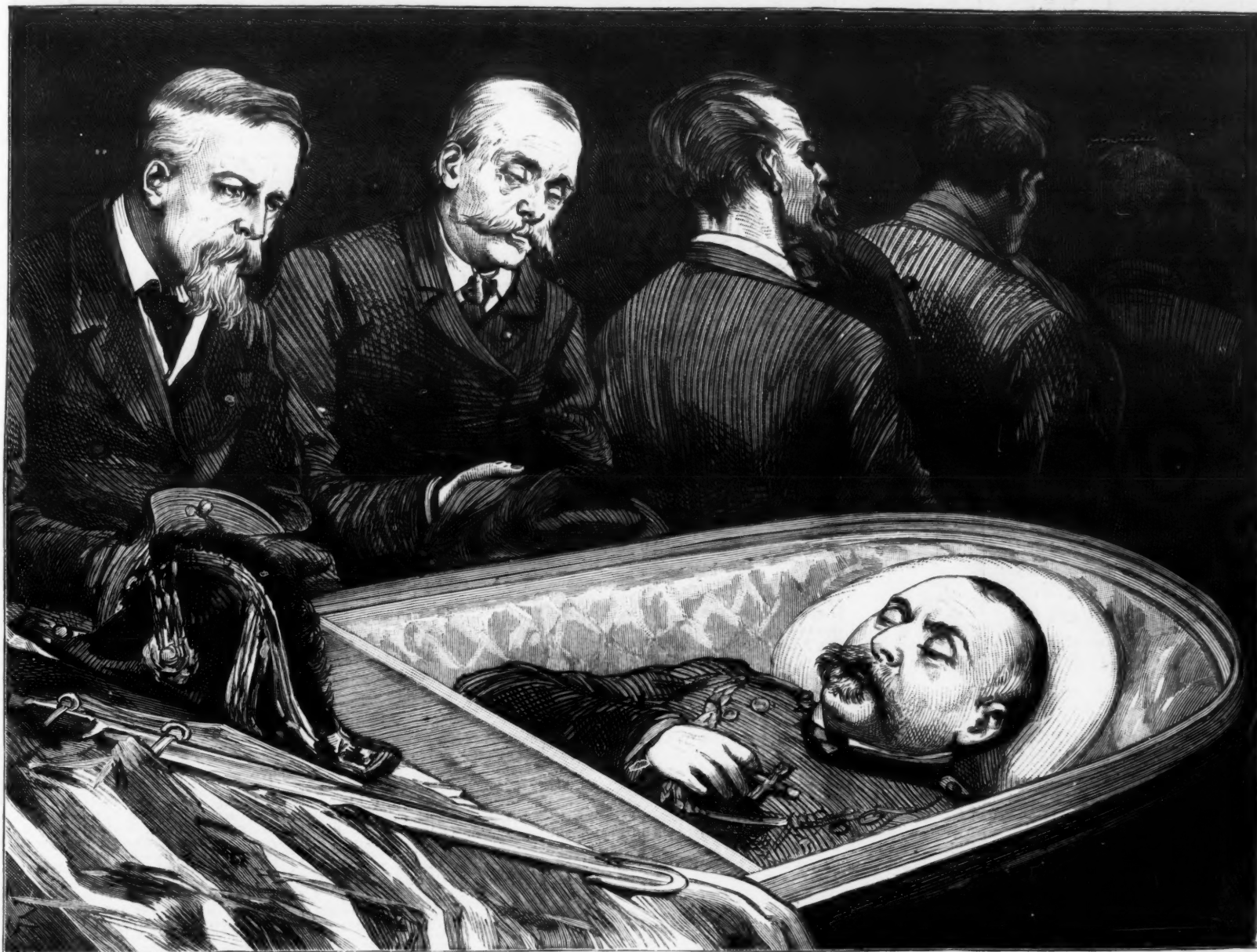


GREAT BRITAIN.—THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES—H. M. S. "HERCULES" ROUNDING THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE, AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHANNEL.



FRANCE.—VISIT OF PRESIDENT CARNOT TO THE EMPEROR DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL, AT AIX-LES-BAINS.





THE HERO'S BIER.



THE FIGHT WITH STUART'S CAVALRY AT YELLOW TAVERN (MAY, 1864).

THE LATE GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.—WAR AND PEACE.—SEE PAGE 14.



## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

SHE lived in the city, was dainty and pretty, And took up each popular craze; She dressed in the fashion, wrote poems of passion, And won from her friends wondrous praise.

The plaques that she'd paint were many and quaint, And her vases an endless procession; "Cute" things made of satin, and plush (do put that in), She tossed off in rapid succession.

Thus far all was well; but at length, sad to tell (Too sad, were not this a biography), She laid all aside, and her genius applied To the dangerous art of photography.

She photoed her cousins and aunts by the dozens; Her best young man, too, oft would pose for her; They were willing and glad (though the pictures were bad), For, in fact, there were very few "noes" for her.

She talked about "focus," and such hocus-pocus, And with tripod and camera sported; But her friends drew aloof as they saw on the "proof" Their images wildly distorted.

And mothers were "riled" when a favorite child Was depicted with features too many; The youth coldly sneered when his picture appeared With three noses, and forehead not any.

So, in anger and fright, her friends left her quite; And the artist in solitude's mourning, For their anger and hate will never abate; *Hec fabula docet*—take warning.

COMBES, N. Y. F. V. T.

## HIS YOUNG LADY.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

YES, sir, there ain't much I don't know about this place. Man and boy, I've been here; I ain't quite the oldest inhabitant they talk about, but I was born here, and he wasn't. Governor's house up on that there hill; he come here without a friend and less than two hundred dollars in his pocket—brains enough for a dozen in his skull, though—and in less than ten years he was Governor of the State; this country's going to hear of him some day, too.

Shall I drive you inside here, sir? Oh, yes, it's open to all; but I'd be in if all the rest of them was kept out. Kind o' dreary now, with the house all shut up; but if you could have seen it last year, when my young lady was for ever a-running round the lawn with her children, as she calls 'em, her black dress making her yellow hair shine like gold, you'd have said it was— Well, folks say that when I get started on my young lady, there's no stopping me.

You see, sir, I come to that there place when I was a barefoot boy, and I only left it last year when they went to Europe. I'd have gone with them, but my young lady, she gave me the livery-stable, and she says, says she, "You'd best stay here, John, till we come home, and look after things for me." Bless her dear heart, she'd trust her old John with all her world, she would.

Mr. Ross and Miss Edith was born in that house, sir. My old gentleman, Mr. Compton—he was their pa—built it when he come here. He was a rich man then, and a gentleman, too—one of your old-fashioned sort—take off his hat to a washerwoman and say Thank you to a beggar. Things are changing out West here; but twenty years ago, that wasn't the sort to get on—they hadn't enough go in 'em. He owned half the town once, but he couldn't hold on to it; and after a while things kept going from bad to worse, till we had to sell. Sell our place, sir—think of that now! and them trees that'd had to be nursed and cosseted like a baby—and that there lawn, where, if ever there'd been a weed let grow, I'd have had a speaking acquaintance with it!

Well, the night it was all done and settled, Mr. Compton says to me, "John," says he, "the papers were signed to-day, and we move out next week, and Mr. Lindeman he wants you to stay here and— Well, now, it was just all I could do to help bursting right out, "You bet I won't!" but my old gentleman wasn't the kind you'd take liberties with—not twice! and so I just said, pretty mild, too, when you think how mad I was, "No, sir, I'm going with the family; it's the family, not the house, I've been with since I was a lad."

"No, John," says my old gentleman, "you'll stay here with Mr. Lindeman and be as faithful to him and hisen as you've been all these years to me and mine."

It sounded better the way he put it; but them's about his words.

Well, I was that choked I couldn't speak. Sell me with the house, would they?—and expect me to leave them, my young lady most of all, as if I'd no heart! I was trying to swallow it all down and speak, for my dander was up then, and I thinks I, "If they don't care any more for me than that after all these years, why, I'll be hanged if I make a fuss over it," when up comes Miss Edith, and she says, in her pretty way:

"Why, John, you'll stay here, won't you? You know you always said you'd come with me when—when I— Then she stopped kind o' sudden, and when I looked at the red in her face, and saw her eyes sort o' teary, though there was a smile playing bo-peep with her dimples, I just made a bee-line for that there stable, and if I didn't cry like a great baby and call myself a blessed innocent that I'd never once suspicioned why Mr. Lindeman was so anxious to get the house, and what had brought him so often to talk business with my old gentleman. But to think that my young lady, that I was let see in her little lace cradle only yesterday, as it seemed, was that grown up! Stay with her? I'd like to see the wild horses would be able to pull me away from her and she wanting me!

So I staid—as I'd have done with the devil, to be near her! and I had a good chance to see how much he—Mr. Lindeman—thought of her. Why, the very wind had to blow soft on her and he around; he had a sort o' peaceful look in his face all the time, as if 'twas as near a smile as he dared to get all of a sudden. Poor man—you see he'd been married once already, and that wife of his, well, not to put it too strong, why, she were the very devil!

Drink, sir, and fight with the servants, and yell till you'd hear her a block off—and she a lady, too! I don't see myself as being born so makes them so, always. And there wasn't a shadder of an excuse, neither—rich she was, and healthy—before she ruined herself with the liquor, and a good husband and three of the prettiest little children you'd see in a day's walk.

When the last baby was about six months old she got on an awful time, fever come on, and she died in a week. You'd have thought, now, that her husband would 'a' said, like every one else, "What a mercy!" But not a soul on earth, not even the nurse-girl, ever heard him say a harsh word to that miserable woman alive, or about her when she was dead.

I don't believe he'd have looked rested if he could have helped it, he was so anxious to take care of her memory, for all he had suffered.

Well, we got the house all fixed up—you see we'd run down—and done over, to please Miss Edith, and the children, Miss Nelly, Russell and little Harvey, all asking all the time when their dear new mamma was coming.

And then they got married.

Miss Edith wouldn't have a big wedding. She put on her little white frock, and went to the old church—maybe you noticed it, back of your hotel?—and then went back to the little house my people took when we moved; and after the children had almost torn her to pieces with kisses and she'd put on her traveling-clothes, I drove 'em down to the train. I'd just like you to have seen 'em. Happy? Why, he was so happy, he was almost crazy. I looked back at 'em once, and he had her little hand, with its new ring, in both of his. "My darling, my love, my wife!" says he.

I saw the cars start off, and just as they were moving, Mr. Lindeman says: "Now, John, be sure you have the horses in good condition to drive Mrs. Lindeman home, when you get our telegram." "How proud he says it!" thinks I. "The nicest, handsomest, pleasantest-spoken young man as ever I see—as sweet as my old gentleman, and with backbone for the two of them."

Well, sir, there was a good deal to see to that night, and it seemed to me as if I hadn't more'n shut my eyes in bed when Mr. Compton come to my door.

"John!" says he, "John! Wake up—here's the awfulest news!"

He had a telegram in his hand, and he was shaking all over.

"There's been an accident on the train," says he, "and Miss Edith says Mr. Lindeman is badly hurt. You must go to them on the 'special' the road's sending."

We didn't say nothing to the family; every one was asleep. Mr. Compton'd come in with his nightkey. I just hustled into my clothes, and we walked down to the station. The stars was shining out bright, and I remember I felt kind o' mad at them—looking so peaceful when my young lady was in trouble. I never thought then how bad the trouble was going to be. It was gray dawn when the "special" got to the place where the "reg'lar" had broke through the bridge, and the folks there waiting took me right to the house where my people was. Miss Edith met me at the door, both her little hands held out. "Go to him, John," says she, so pitiful—"go to him; perhaps he'll let you touch him." Her pretty frock was all dust and blood, her face white, and her eyes had a kind o' puzzled, frightened look in them.

Mr. Lindeman was on a lounge inside, his shoulder twisted, his head knocked a bit—nothing to make a fuss over, thinks I; that was at first. Now, what do you suppose that hit on the head had done for him? He wouldn't so much as let Miss Edith—my young lady, his bride, that he was just worshipping of one day before—come to the side of him or speak to him.

Crazy? No more than you or me, to talk to. He asked the doctors how soon he could get home, and when he found it was safe for them to take the next train, he give me all the directions just as clear and right-minded as you would. Then I come out and left him, and just outside I met the porter of the drawing-room car.

"Is it a bad case in there?" says he.

"Well, no," says I, "it ain't. Where was they," says I, "when it happened?"

"Well," says he, "she was in my car. They'd both been pretty quiet, and she had such a bashful sort o' look, I kinder thought she hadn't been married long."

"Last night," says I.

"Whew!" says he, like that. "As I come along, he says, says he, 'Porter, just make up these two sections, will you?' Then he says to her, 'You're tired, my darling; I'm going to smoke, and you'd better go to bed. I shall be right opposite, so you needn't be nervous.' Then he says, very low, 'Will it disturb you if I open the curtains and say Good-night?' She didn't answer; she just gave him a shy look and got red all in the back of her neck, and he went off. The first section wasn't made up when the crash came. I can't see how she got out so quick. When I got to her husband, there she was, holding up his head and wiping the blood off his face. I hope he ain't hurt much, for she looks a sweet young thing, and it's easy to see how much she thinks of him."

We got home before it was dark that night, and there was the three children on the steps, forgetting to be worried about their papa, they was so crazy to see Miss Edith back. Miss Nelly she just screamed out, "Oh, mamma! mamma!" and was

going to pitch herself right at her—you know the way children have—but Mr. Lindeman caught her shoulder and says, in a voice I'd never heard from him before, "What do you mean? How dare you give the name of your dear dead mother to a stranger?"

Miss Edith she just turned like a corpse, and Miss Nelly—she was a self-willed child, and, worse luck, remembered her mother—says, "Why papa, this is our mother; we never had one before—not a real one."

Well, he was that mad, I don't know what he'd have done if my young lady hadn't sent the children away with a look. They'd mind her sweet look before their father's angriest word.

That, sir, was the beginning of my poor young lady's new married life. He always called her "Mrs. Lindeman," but he made Miss Nelly sit at the head of his table, and it was to her he sent the servants for orders. He had a picture of that devil, his wife, painted, and hung it up in the room he'd had done over with such care and pride for his "darling," as he used to call her.

I'd never heard him say his first wife's name while I'd known him. Now it was nothing but "My lost one," "My dearest wife," "Your blessed mother."

Miss Edith wouldn't let one word be said, and she bore it—well, now, if you could once see her, you'd know how she bore it!—like a saint and a queen put into one.

She slept in Miss Nelly's room, and when I'd come up sometimes and see them two little brass bedsteads side by side, and the dear child, my young lady, teaching the children every day, going so quiet about the house, making everybody love her more and more, saving him all the trouble, thinking of his comfort day and night, and he never speaking one word from week's end to week's end to her—well, I'd feel sometimes as if God was dead and there was nothing in this world on its right end.

The doctors, they couldn't make nothing out of him. He was just as wise and straight as a line on every other point in the dictionary. I was thankful after a bit that Mr. Ross was in South America, because he was a helter-skelter, hot-tempered sort, and folks began to talk. First they said, "It was very strange, without any cause," and then, "Could there be any cause for his turning against her?" and then next thing, "There was a cause," and they began to bow in a cold way to her when she went out driving with the children, and after a little, to look the other way.

She dropped down under it all like a flower in a hailstorm, and, except for his children, all her pretty little coaxing ways and her flashes of smiles were gone.

One day I got word to bring the carriage round, and there she was at the door with little Harvey—he was the baby—and flowers enough to fill the carriage. It was the other wife's birthday, and she was taking the child out to put flowers on the grave.

The older ones—don't it tell the sort she was?—that remembered their ma, couldn't be got to love her even dead, try all Miss Edith could; but the baby, I heard him all the way gabbling about his "mamma in heaven," and she answering him so sweet and tender.

When we drove up to the lot, there was something by the side of the big monument he'd just set up—something on the ground.

I pulled up my horses and jumped out, and says I to Miss Edith, "Wait here a minute;" but she was out first, and had him—her husband—with his head on her breast, before I could so much as touch him.

There was a hole in his head and a pistol on the ground. I thought he was dead, but he gave a sigh and opened his eyes.

"Darling," says he, "Edith, are you hurt?"

"No," she says, making her voice steady as if nothing was wrong.

"Were you terribly frightened?" asked he. "Oh, my darling, my sweet, if you had been hurt!" He tried to raise his head to look at her, and the blood came running over his face. "I'm hurt," he says, and says she, "I'm afraid so."

His face was turning gray, and I knew it was no use disturbing them for anything; then he said, so faint and low, I could just hear it: "Love, my darling, my darling—I am dying. Oh, Edith, my bride, never to be my wife, must I lose you now, when you are my own at last?"

There was such a joy and gladness in her face, I had to shut my eyes from it, but I heard him go on. "Edith," he says, "my children's mother—the only mother they ever had—the wife of my very soul—how I would have loved you! Always remember that, dearest—if it had not been for his, how I would have loved you!"

"Yes," she says, "and will, Harvey; it won't be for ever. I will go to you—to that higher world—there I will be your wife."

"My wife," says he, soft and low, "my—"

"I waited a minute and then I said: 'Miss Edith, my dear, he's gone from you.'"

"No," she says, her whole face lit up like a glory; "no, not gone from me—he's come back to me; oh, John, he's come back to me!"

Well, sir, that joy look has never gone out of her face since; she's happy as I never see her before, with his children and his memory.

When I told the doctors that he thought he was just hurt on the railroad, they had a great talk over it—they said it was plain that there was a pressure on the brain and that the bleeding relieved it; I don't care nothing for that—all I know is, she's happy.

He'd signed a will an hour after they were married, leaving everything to her, and her father and mother comfortable for life. She's took the children to Europe for three or four years, and I mean her to come back and find the old place in good order, you'd better believe.

Marry again? My young lady? No, sir—she ain't that kind!

There's the church she was married in, and here's your hotel. Hope I ain't talked you to death, sir; but when I once get started, as I told you, on my young lady—

## AN ELECTRICAL STORM.

THE storm which swept over New York city on Saturday night, the 4th inst., was one of almost tropical violence, and will be remembered long for the electrical phenomena which accompanied it. The air was surcharged with electricity. The convulsions were continuous and terrific, and the flashes of blinding brilliancy. Many buildings and other objects were struck by the bolts, but no serious casualties were reported. The operators in the huge Western Union Telegraph Building, in lower Broadway, however, had rather a narrow escape, and witnessed the startling phenomenon to which we have devoted an illustration on page 9. In the operators' rooms, situated at the top of the towering building, with its countless meshes of wires and cables entering from all directions, a riotous current of electricity zigzagged about the room for fully thirty seconds. George E. Baker, one of the chief operators, was at his instrument, when he noticed that the wires underneath the board seemed to be on fire. Breaking the current immediately, he started away from the instrument. He had not gone ten steps when a brilliant ball of fire as large as a man's hat leaped from the switch to a chandelier some six or eight feet away, and in an instant a blinding flash shot over the room. The phenomenon, Mr. Baker declares, was at once the most beautiful and terrifying he had ever seen in thirty years of experience with electricity. The room was filled with a dancing, dazzling light of thousands of colors, and at the same time successive reports like pistol-shots were heard. The light went out as suddenly as it had come. Mr. Baker's coat, which was lying on his desk at the time, was perforated with small round holes cleanly cut and surrounded by black circles. The explanation of the phenomenon was to be found in the thousands of wires attached to the huge switch-board, the largest in the world, connecting with stations in all parts of Europe and America. These wires had received such a charge of electricity that the ground wire could not carry it all off. The chandelier, connected by the gas-pipes with the ground, formed a ground connection to which the powerful current leaped. Had the wires not been perfectly insulated the building would, in all probability, have been torn to pieces.

## THE STANDING ROCK CONFERENCE.

THE Conference between the United States Commissioners and the Sioux Indians in Dakota is over. The Indians, with a distrust born of previous experience, not only refused to sign the papers in assent, but emphatically declined to affix their signatures in any manner to any white man's paper, and it is even asserted that a secret council had determined to kill the first Indian who signed the treaty. The principal Indian chiefs, Sitting Bull, Bad Bear, John Grass, Red Cloud and Galt, have shown a diplomatic cunning and tact which the Commissioners very reluctantly concede to be more than a match for their own. Galt, Bad Bear and John Grass, of whom we give portraits, are the three chiefs who represented the Sioux in the Conference. Red Cloud represented the Indians at Pine Ridge, and he sent word that even if those at Standing Rock signed, it would have no effect upon his people. The matter was effectually settled on August 7th, when John Grass made a pointed speech in which he called upon those willing to sign "No," when not an Indian arose. When he called for those who would sign "Yes," every man remained motionless on the ground. But when he requested those who would sign neither paper to rise, every man arose with cheers and whoops and yells. He then, amid much applause from the Indians, informed the Commissioners that the Indians would sign neither paper, and that they would now return to their farms regardless of what the Commissioners might say. As soon as he had closed, the circle was broken, and the Indians started for home. The Commissioners say that as long as the Indians are together and under the control of the chiefs there is no prospect of success, but by having the Indians brought to the agency one or two at a time, they think they may get their signatures. It is manifestly impossible that this immense tract of twenty-two millions of acres in the heart of Dakota should be long held by nomadic tribes. Railroads are waiting to cross it, villages and cities to be built upon it, and the forces and energies of civilization must and will eventually prevail over the methods of savagery. But it must be done lawfully. The native Indian has been pushed from the Atlantic coast Westward, and there are only two alternatives left for him—to become civilized and live as the white men do, or to be exterminated. But the peaceful possession of the Indian lands has become difficult to obtain, owing chiefly to the utterly contemptible policy which has been pursued by the Government. The Indians have no faith in our promises, and decline to trust our treaties. They have made treaties before and have seen them violated, and they fear a similar result in this case. The one man who could inspire them with confidence—Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, the man who is known among them as the one white man who never lied to an Indian—is in Europe. When he returns his aid may be invoked, and perhaps it may be sufficiently powerful to accomplish the desired result.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

CROWN PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERBIA.

We give a pleasing portrait, engraved from a photograph, for the Paris *Illustration*, of the young Prince Alexander of Serbia, the only child of the now separated King Milan and Queen Natalie. The little prince, having been taken from his mother in Germany by Serbian agents, is now with his father. He is twelve years old this month.

## THE CASTLE OF PETERHOF.

Peterhof, where the Czar entertained William II. of Germany during his recent visit, was built by Peter the Great in 1720, in imitation of Versailles. It stands in the midst of a beautiful park and gardens, reaching to the seashore, and commands extensive sea views across the Gulf of Cronstadt. Enlarged by Catherine II., and restored by Emperor Nicholas, the palace consists of three portions—a central three-storied pavilion with gilded cupola, united by glass-roofed corridors to side pavilions with slated roofs and white-and-

yellow  
many of  
of dead  
their ov  
quarter  
Catheri  
decorat  
china.  
took pla  
geous  
Peter th  
battle,  
this sta  
were us  
two sov  
bordered  
tional C  
Peterho  
the mos  
and wou  
terrace  
plains  
Great so  
residence  
where h  
room; a  
straw th  
an imit  
where th  
usually l

The po  
possesse  
view of  
the distur  
These rep  
Port-au  
simultane  
the burnin  
Governme  
the Inter  
testant C  
The conf  
July, and  
bloody re  
proved to  
tian Emba  
last week  
fires in th  
only a sin  
the drum  
marily sh  
Salomon  
a person  
terous on  
ready coi  
fact, a c  
France, w  
and there  
over the f  
from beir  
has a sala  
is a fine-  
and about  
in Paris,  
character.  
Roman Ca  
dent Salom  
his post,  
term of se  
observed t  
remain un  
gendarme  
thus secu  
The two a  
and Depu  
voluntary

The  
A spirit  
News, sh  
George Th  
Longship  
Channel, c  
maneuver  
in all ope  
approxima  
To some  
division o  
squadron  
each other  
the strong  
the port o  
to have b  
of the sup  
squadron  
first divis  
Baird, beir  
division o  
Tryon; wh  
d' sons, J  
aral Fitz  
PRESIDENT

During t  
French Rep  
Carnot pa  
Dom Pedro  
les-Bains.  
peror and  
sued in th  
Pedro is sti  
ally gainin  
deared him  
Aix-les-Bai

MR. J.  
HON. JAI  
his nat  
missed the  
most uniqu  
Republican



yellow walls. The interior is very handsome, and many of the rooms are most interesting memorials of dead-and-gone Russian sovereigns, left just as their owners quitted them. Thus William II. was quartered in the apartments of the great Empress Catherine, religiously preserved with their original decorations of red satin and magnificent Dresden china. The Stone Hall, where the state banquet took place during the Emperor's stay, is a gorgeous room, hung with tapestries representing Peter the Great on Lake Ladoga, a curious naval battle, and several portraits of Czarinas. For this state banquet, by-the-by, five thousand roses were used as table decorations, and in front of the two sovereigns was a perfect bed of yellow roses bordered with dark-blue cornflowers, the traditional German *Kaiser-blumen*. The gardens of Peterhof are splendidly laid out, and sparkle with the most gorgeous rare flowers, gilded statues, and with fountains constantly playing over gilded terraces. Other palaces stand in the park—Monplaisir, a Dutch summer-house, where Peter the Great sometimes slept; Marly, another of his pet residences, simply furnished in white wood, and where his old dressing-gown still hangs in his bedroom; Catherine II.'s "Birch Cottage," with its straw thatch and mirrored interior; La Ferme, an imitation of the Trianon; and Alexandria, where the younger members of the Imperial family usually live.

#### THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

It has become a fashionable diversion amongst the wealthy Germans and Englishmen to make the tour of the coast of Norway, the Land of the Midnight Sun. Regular trips of steamers are advertised to leave the German ports of Bremen and Hamburg, and Christiania, Norway, Stockholm, Sweden, and Copenhagen, Denmark. Dronheim, in Norway, is the objective point of many tourists. It is in the upper part of Norway, in latitude 60° 25', and has a fine cathedral. Hammerfest, the most northerly town in all Europe, is also a point of interest. It is the chief port of Finnmark, latitude 70° 40'. Cape North, latitude 71° 10', is the northernmost point of Europe, and is on the island of Mageroe, separated from the mainland of Norway by a narrow channel. It is only a long row of precipitous rocks jutting out into the sea. In these northern latitudes the Summer sun is visible for days and weeks together, and the midnight hour, bright with a kind of weird daylight, is only determined by the clocks and watches of the visitors. In the Winter season there the sun disappears from the heavens for a corresponding period.

#### PRESIDENT SALOMON OF HAITI.

The portrait of President Salomon of Haiti possesses especial interest at the present time, in view of the recent reports of serious revolutionary disturbances in the little West Indian republic. These reports recounted the firing of the City of Port-au-Prince by incendiaries at various and simultaneous points, the destruction of 500 houses, the burning of the official buildings, including the Government Printing Office, the Department of the Interior, the Chamber of Deputies, the Protestant Cathedral, and other notable structures. The conflagrations occurred on the 4th and 7th of July, and were supposed to be the forerunners of bloody revolution on the island. But the fear proved to be unfounded. An *attaché* of the Haytian Embassy in New York said, in a *Sun* interview last week: "To be sure, there were two disastrous fires in the capital, but there was no looting, and only a single case of detected incendiarism; and the drunken culprit, after a fair trial, was summarily shot. As to the statement that President Salomon has sent \$3,800,000 out of the country as a personal nest-egg for future uses, that is preposterous on its face. There is not that amount of ready coin in the whole country. Haiti has, in fact, a contract with the Credit Industriel of France, which collects the revenue and banks it, and therefore the President has no actual control over the funds of the republic. Indeed, he is far from being the rich man he is represented. He has a salary of \$25,000 a year." President Salomon is a fine-looking old man, of mixed negro blood, and about seventy-five years old. He was educated in Paris, and is a man of refinement and force of character. Like his French wife, he is a devout Roman Catholic. An idea got abroad that President Salomon was about to retire voluntarily from his post, to which he had been re-elected for a term of seven years, to expire in 1893. When he observed these signs he publicly declared he would remain until the end of his term, reinforced the *gendarmérie* in Port-au-Prince by 3,000 men, and thus secured himself against any sudden coup. The two aspirants for his place, Senator Légitime and Deputy F. Manigut, were induced to become voluntary exiles from the country.

#### THE BRITISH NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

A spirited sketch, from the *Illustrated London News*, shows the *Hercules*, the flagship of Sir George Tryon's fleet, the "B" fleet, passing the Longships Lighthouse at the mouth of the British Channel, on her way to participate in the recent manœuvres off the coast of Ireland. The difficulty in all operations of this kind is to attain a fair approximation to the conditions of actual warfare. To some extent this was effected by the subdivision of the opposing forces. Thus, the "A" squadron and the "B" squadron were opposed to each other as hostile fleets, and the endeavor of the stronger fleet was to blockade the weaker in the port or ports to which the latter was assumed to have been driven by the superior strength of the supposed enemy. But, besides this, each squadron was organized under two divisions, the first division of the "A" squadron, under Admiral Baird, being told off to operate against the first division of the "B" squadron, under Admiral Tryon; while, in like manner, in the two second divisions, Admiral Rowley was pitted against Admiral Fitzroy.

#### PRESIDENT CARNOT AND THE EMPEROR DOM PEDRO.

During the recent tour of the President of the French Republic in Savoy and the Dauphiné, M. Carnot paid a visit to the convalescent Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, at the Splendide Hotel, Aix-les-Bains. He was cordially received by the Emperor and the Empress, and a brief interview ensued in the reception-room of the hotel. Dom Pedro is still quite feeble, but appears to be gradually gaining strength. He is said to have endeavored himself to the sojourners and residents at Aix-les-Bains by his kindly and democratic ways.

#### MR. BLAINE'S WELCOME HOME.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, returning last week to his native land, after a year's absence abroad, missed the spectacular part of the grand and almost unique demonstration of welcome which the Republicans of this city, and of the country in

general, had arranged in his honor. With the uncertainty which usually characterizes the first trip of a great transatlantic steamer, the *City of New York*, with the home-coming statesman on board, did not arrive in port until Friday forenoon—fully two days behind her anticipated time. This unavoidable delay naturally caused a great deal of annoyance and disappointment, and somewhat disorganized the steamboat demonstrations down the Bay. But the street parade on Thursday evening was a colossal success; the personal reception of Mr. Blaine on Friday morning was all that his most enthusiastic friends could have desired; and the great leader's speech on Friday evening brought the whole to a triumphant climax.

Further postponement being deemed unavoidable, in view of the uncertainty as to the arrival of the expected steamer, arrangements were made to start the grand parade at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening. Long before that hour, Broadway was jammed with crowds for blocks above and below the reviewing-stand at Madison Square. The first stir of enthusiasm in the crowd heralded the arrival of the Hon. Levi P. Morton, who came upon the reviewing-stand accompanied by Senator Quay, Chairman of the National Committee; General Thomas W. Chace, of Rhode Island; Colonel A. L. Conger, of Ohio; and General Husted. Emmons Blaine, Mrs. Walker Blaine and James G. Blaine, Jr., and his wife, were also present. Other persons of prominence crowded the stand. The parade was started with promptness and in excellent order, although there was some confusion as to the clubs' positions, and several of the organizations were late in arriving on the ground. A notable feature of the parade was the representative character of those who took part in it. They came from all parts of the Union. There was almost continuous shouting for and by the various organizations, and numberless bands of music kept the air ringing with jubilant and inspiring strains. The banners and other special features of the procession were numerous beyond cataloguing. One of the most striking was that mighty sphere, fifteen feet in diameter, called the "Harrison and Morton Ball," painted with the Stars and Stripes, and inscribed with lines of campaign verse. The idea of the construction of this ball was conceived in Cumberland, Md., by several citizens of that town, upon the day of General Harrison's nomination, and its appropriateness struck them most forcibly when they remembered that the first ball of the kind ever made, and which was rolled about from one town to another by enthusiastic young politicians, was built in that very town of Cumberland in honor of the nomination of General Harrison's grandfather. It formed one of the most novel features of the Tippecanoe campaign, and was rolled from Cumberland to Baltimore.

To the inspiring music of "Marching through Georgia," the Ninth Assembly District Republican Association marched by with full ranks, and after them rolled the great ball, the appearance of which was greeted with continued rounds of applause, the wild waving of handkerchiefs by ladies in the reviewing-stand, and the dipping of colors along the line of the Republican Club drawn up opposite the stand. Patient watchers saw a steady line of flashing lights and flaming transparencies, tossing banners and sparkling color in caps and coats move through Fifth Avenue, from the starting-point, from early evening until the morning hours were crowded close upon.

The white shirts and helmets of the Young Men's Republican Club of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Assembly Districts were very effective, and with their capital marching aroused much applause. Their banners gave assurance that they demanded protection, and a stentorian voice from the stand called out: "White shirts are protected, boys!"

One of the prettiest sights of the evening was the baseball nines of boys in extremely pretty white uniforms trimmed with scarlet. They carried small bats on their shoulders. Scarcely less enthusiasm was aroused by the Irish-American Anti-Free Trade Organization, which showed a handsome green banner trimmed with gold.

Among the mottoes carried by the members were: "We Fled from Free Trade at Home; We Won't Have it Here," and "Morton Gave \$50,000 for the Irish, and Cleveland Gave Nothing." The Twenty-first Assembly District had one black-edged transparency bearing the words: "We Mourn Our Loss—Phil. Sheridan."

It was near midnight when some of the Brooklyn organizations got into line. Streets were thronged with new arrivals whose names the morning Press could not catch. Long after midnight the myriad torches of paraders flamed in the streets and bands made music disturbing to the slumbers of all but early risers in the great city.

The *City of New York* was sighted off Fire Island at 1:15 o'clock, Friday morning. She reached her dock at about 11. Mr. Blaine was taken off in the bay, and amid cheers and the playing of bands he was taken aboard the *Laura M. Starin* and landed at the foot of Twenty-third Street and North River at 10:30 o'clock. His arrival was a great ovation, from the time the big steamer's three black funnels were seen coming through the Narrows. The excursion steamers, with all the notabilities aboard, were on hand at Quarantine betimes, and greeted the mighty steamer with cheers, flags and music as she came majestically up, about 9 o'clock. Mr. Blaine, looking hearty and radiant, appeared on deck escorted by the Committee, the customs officers and a policeman, followed by the ladies of Mr. Blaine's party, accompanied by Colonel Knowlsey and Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, of New York. The ladies were Mrs. Blaine, Misses Margaret and Harriet Blaine, and Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton). They alighted on the hurricane-deck of the *Starin*, and were escorted down-stairs to the cabin amid great cheering. The ladies entered the saloon, and Mr. Blaine, who came arm-in-arm with Chairman Pool, of the Committee, was met by President Bartlett of the Republican Club, who made the speech of welcome.

The scene at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when Mr. Blaine arrived was one of wild demonstration. Fully a thousand persons were gathered in the corridors and around the approaches to the great hostelry. Up-stairs, in the rooms reserved for Mr. Blaine's use, eminent Republican statesmen, relatives and friends were assembled ready to bid him welcome. The apartments consisted of five rooms on the second floor, Nos. 79, 80, 81, 82 and 83. They are located in the southeast corner of the building, and command an unobstructed view of Madison Square, Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. The parlors were filled with floral emblems.

The day was taken up with greetings of friends. In the evening, the labor organizations of New York and vicinity, marshaled by Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, gathered at Madison Square in a vast throng that vied in enthusiasm and numbers with that of the previous evening. Mr.

Blaine was fully equal to the occasion. In response to the serenades and cheers, he came forth upon the platform in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and sounded the keynote of the campaign in a ringing speech for Harrison and Morton and the protection of American labor. Mr. Blaine remained in New York over Sunday, leaving for the East on Monday morning.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

HUGH M. BROOKS, alias Maxwell, the young Englishman who murdered his fellow-countryman, C. Arthur Preller, at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, in March, 1885, was hanged at that city on Friday of last week.

ANOTHER fatal tenement-house fire occurred in New York city, in the early morning hours of Wednesday, the 9th inst. The house No. 1028 Avenue A was burned, and a German family of four persons, named Berg, occupying rooms on the top floor, perished in the flames.

AN International Literary Congress will be held in the Senate Chamber of the Doges' Palace in Venice, on September 15th. Its labors will be chiefly devoted to studying and discussing the American Copyright Law. The Syndic of Venice will entertain the members of the Congress.

MR. LEARY's great timber-raft, from Joggins, N. S., the launch of which was illustrated in this paper two weeks ago, arrived safely in New York city, via Long Island Sound, on Saturday morning of last week. She was towed through Hell Gate and around to the Erie Basin, where she will be broken up. The raft is bigger than the one which went to pieces off Nantucket last Winter.

The wonderful Argentine Republic is setting up to rival the United States, and bids fair to succeed. During 1887 it built 5,000 miles of railroad, as one item of progress. Its immigration bids fair this year to reach 200,000, or one-third as many as will land in our territory. They have 3,000 public schools, with 230,000 pupils. The larger cities are lighted with electricity, and well supplied with telephones and telegraphs. During the last year 4,000 vessels entered the ports. There is also a "surplus of the revenue."

A COMPANY has been formed in Pittsburg, Pa., with a capital of \$1,000,000, for the purpose of opening a tin mine in Mexico, near Durango. A tract of land has been purchased covering an area of ten miles square. An expert who assayed the ore says it will yield from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. tin, which is the largest in the world. A number of factories will be started soon to manufacture tin, and it is believed the product from England, which amounted to \$24,000,000 last year, will be shut out entirely after the different works are established.

THE New York Casino management has secured the right to the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera in the United States. The title and plot will be withheld until nearly the time set for bringing out the piece, probably November 10th. The opera is in two acts, and the scene is laid in Scandinavia. The time is the reign of Gustavus Vasa. The field thus selected by the composers is picturesque in natural beauty, and full of lively suggestions of romance, music and poetry, and is, in fact, a *terra incognita* on the operatic stage.

THE publication of the annual figures of the Dominion fishery catch show that it makes a great pecuniary difference whether that catch enters our ports free or not. The total catch fell off a trifle from the previous year, the loss, however, being only one-third of one per cent. in value; but the falling off in the value of fish sent to the United States was fully one-fourth from that of the last year of reciprocity and free fish. Yet it also appears that out of a little more than \$6,500,000 of fish exports made by Canada last year, fully two-fifths, or \$2,717,000, still came to the United States, in spite of the imposition of the duty.

THE figures for the fiscal year 1887, just published, show that 717,748,854 gallons of malt liquor were consumed in the United States during the year. Nearly all of it was produced in this country, only 2,300,000 gallons being imported. The per capita now reaches 11.98 gallons, nearly eight times what it was in 1860. The consumption of hard liquors, on the contrary, has steadily decreased. Of distilled spirits 71,064,733 gallons were used in 1887, less than in 1860 when the population was only half as large. Those who know say that American beer has almost altogether taken the place of Medford rum and Kentucky whisky.

THERE have been or will be brought into Wyoming this season, from Colorado, New Mexico and Texas, between 25,000 and 30,000 head of cattle, and about the same number will be taken into Dakota and Montana, making the movement of cattle for the year about 60,000 or 65,000 head. Wyoming is and always has been the centre of the stock-growing industry. In 1870 the cattle in the Territory possibly did not exceed 75,000 head. In 1884 the number had increased to nearly, if not fully, 2,000,000, and in 1888 the number is estimated at 1,000,000, representing an investment of over \$20,000,000. While these figures show a considerable decrease as compared with the number of head in the Territory in 1884 (caused by losses during the severe Winters of 1884-5-6, shipping and driving into other Territories), they likewise indicate that cattle-raising is still an important factor in the commercial world.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 5TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Park Commissioner Charles Garlicks, aged 51 years; in Phenicia, N. Y., James Lynch, a well-known Irish-American of New York city, aged 64 years. August 6th.—In Las Vegas, N. M., Colonel George Gibson, commandant at Fort Bliss; in New York city, Albert Bobbett, engraver and art printer, aged 64 years; at Cheyenne, W. T., William P. Davidge, the veteran comedian, aged 74 years; in Detroit, Mich., Hon. John H. Harmon, aged 69 years. August 8th.—In Newport, R. I., Philip N. Stevens, of the New York Stock Exchange, aged 60 years. August 9th.—In Carlisle, Pa., Francis Zaright, a prominent stock-dealer, aged 58 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Henry Winkley, the millionaire philanthropist, aged 84 years; in Orange, N. J., Jane Elizabeth Harvey, Superintendent of the Memorial Hospital of that place, aged 47 years. August 10th.—In Maplewood, N. H., Dr. William Grosvenor, of Providence, R. I., aged 70 years; in Louisville, Ky., Charles Woolford, Past Grand Master of the Sovereign Lodge of the World, I. O. O. F., aged 78 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL WALLACE's life of General Harrison, the *World* thinks, shows signs of hasty preparation; in other words, the author has Ben Hur-ried in the work.

THE most famous of the Wisconsin poets, according to the *Chicago News*, are Horace Rublee, representing the mediæval, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, representing modern times.

LORD LONSDALE, who found America uncomfortably warm during his first visit, is guarding against a similar experience this Summer by penetrating to the far north of British America, on an Arctic hunting expedition.

LAWRENCE JEROME, the genial and courtly "Uncle Larry," who has been for many years one of the best known of New Yorkers, lies stricken with paralysis at his Summer home in Sharon, Conn., apparently beyond hope of recovery.

MRS. BATES, the "giantess" wife of the celebrated Captain Bates, died at their Ohio home, near Wadsworth, last week. They were the largest married couple in the world. Captain Bates is eight feet tall, and his wife was seven feet and nine inches.

JOHN ROBINSON, the veteran circus showman, is dead, at the age of eighty years. "Uncle John," as he was familiarly known, had for twenty years been a prominent figure in his kind of entertainment, and had amassed a fortune of over one million dollars.

M. CHEVREUL, the eminent French centenarian, is beginning to fail in health. He has grown so weak that he can scarcely walk up-stairs, and thus he is not so regular as formerly in attending the meetings of the Académie des Sciences. M. Chevreul is now 103 years old.

GENERAL C. B. FISK, the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, is an epicure in sea-food dishes, and nothing tickles his palate so much as a delicately prepared fish dinner. From having made his fortune in the fish and oyster trade he is sometimes known as "Clam Bake" Fisk.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, the never-tame little humorist, came home on the *City of New York*. Just before quitting London he met Augustin Daly in the lobby of the Gaiety Theatre. Ah, Mr. Daly, exclaimed the little joker, "I'm sorry you won't see as much of me as usual." "Why?" asked the playwright, interestedly. "Oh, I lost a tooth yesterday."

SOME of the leading American etchers have formed a society, having for its object the elevation of the art of etching in this country, and the limitation of editions, each publication by the members of the society being guaranteed by the stamp of the Society of American Etchers, in the same way that English prints are protected by the printellers' stamp. The officers elected for the ensuing year are Thomas Moran, President; C. Y. Turner, Secretary; and Frederick Dielman, Treasurer. The headquarters are in New York city.

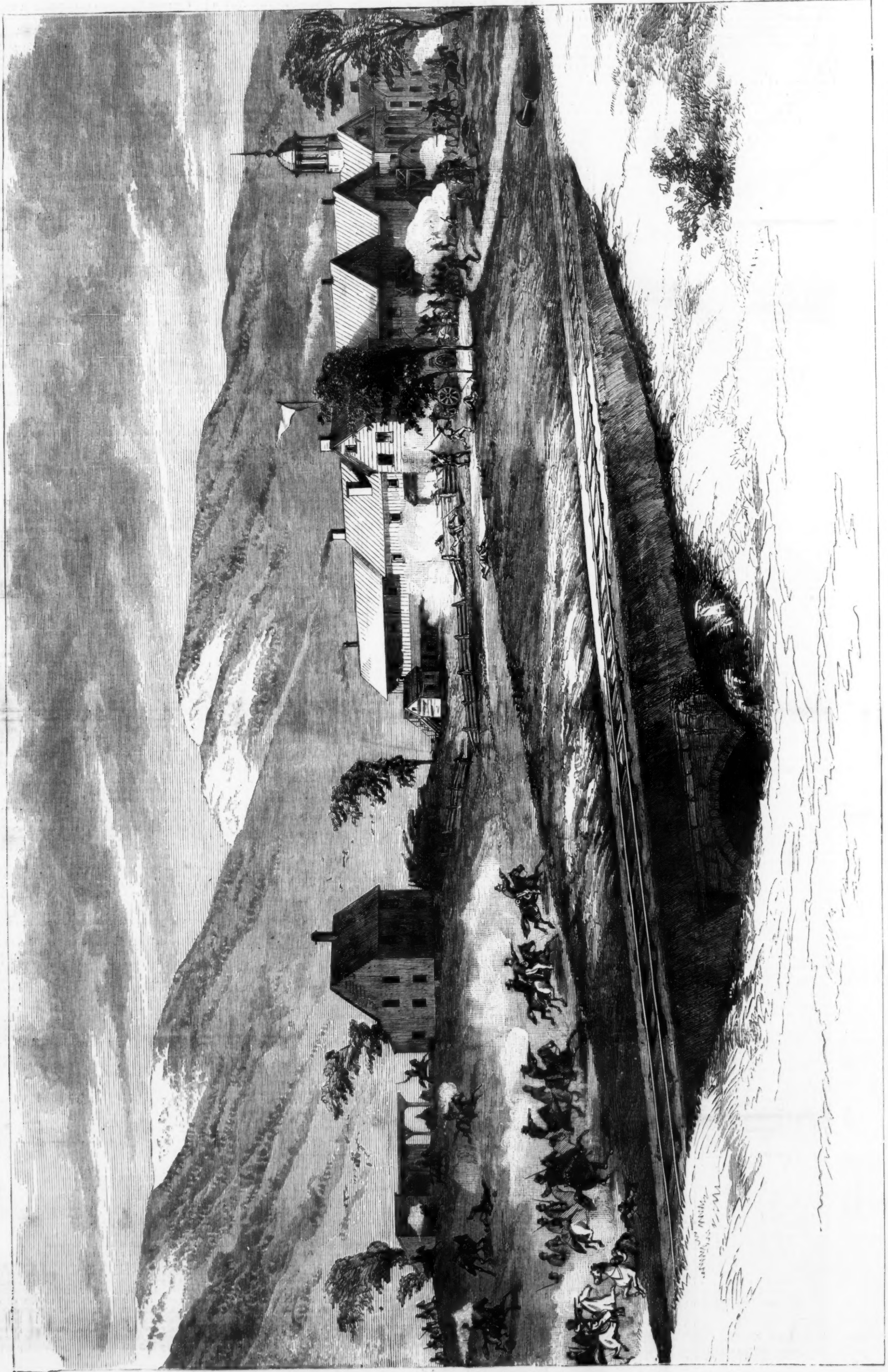
THE new Duchess of Marlborough (Mrs. Hammersley) is becoming quite a familiar figure in London society. At present the Duke and Duchess are staying at Grosvenor Square with the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. The newly married couple have bought a grand mansion in London, where they intend to keep great state next season. Meanwhile, they will go to Blenheim, the ancient glories of which are to be revived by the talisman of the American dollar. To avoid any possibility of complications arising from their marriage in New York, the Duke of Marlborough and his wife, on the 9th inst., went through another marriage ceremony at the London Registrar's office.

ROBERT GARRETT, the millionaire ex-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is a very sick man, both mentally and physically. Nearly a fortnight ago he came, with his wife, physician and party, from Richfield Springs to New York, and violent symptoms of mental distress have since manifested themselves. In his lucid moments Mr. Garrett manifests an interest in his own condition and surroundings, chats with his wife and physicians, and asks after friends and matters of business. He appears to be still devoted to commercial and financial affairs, and the doctors are specially anxious to divert his mind from such subjects. Dr. Partridge hopes that Mr. Garrett may recover all the lost ground and regain a healthy mind and body, and he says that careful nursing in some quiet, isolated place will do more than anything else to bring this about. Mr. Garrett will probably remain for a season at the seaside.

WILLIAM DAVIDGE, one of the oldest and best-known figures on the American dramatic stage, and one of the few left of the "old school" which Murdock, Forrest and the elder Wallace adorned, died suddenly last week while traveling to San Francisco to fill an engagement with the Madison Square Company. He was seventy-four years old. Mr. Davidge was born in England, and made his professional debut at Nottingham in 1836. His first appearance in America was in 1850, at the old Broadway Theatre, as *Sir Peter Teazle* in the "School for Scandal." He played prominent parts in company with the best-known American professionals, and was famous for his "old men." He was the creator in this country of *Dick Dade* in "Pinafore." Mr. Davidge's lectures on the works of Charles Dickens are well and favorably known. He was the author of several books, the most popular of which was the romantic and autobiographical sketch, "Footlight Flashes." He also wrote the successful comedy called "A Family Party." The dead actor resided with his family in Brooklyn.

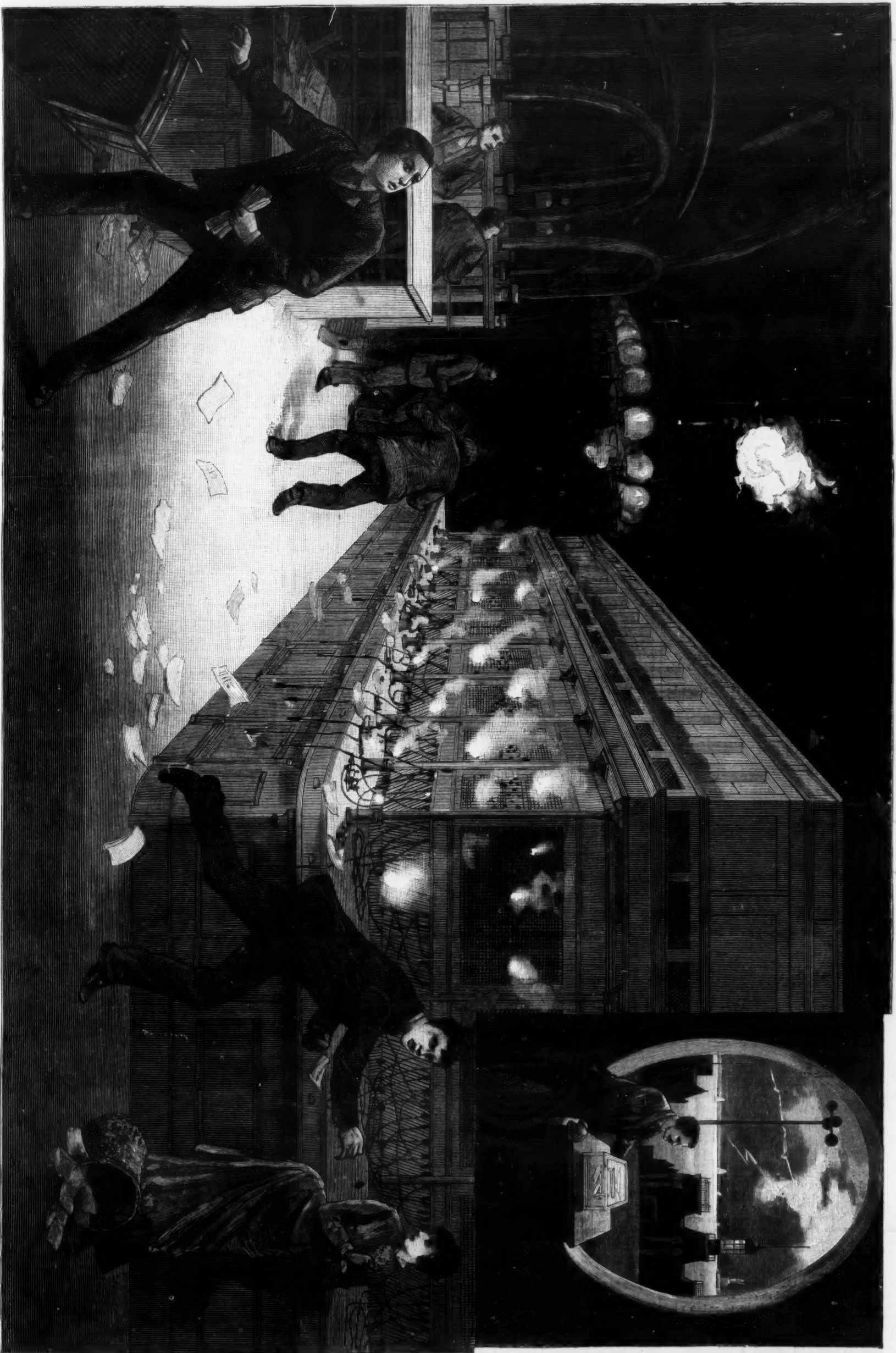
SENATOR PLUMB, of Kansas, gives Sheridan's own story of how he resisted a great temptation, after he had got in the rear of Lee's army and shattered Stuart's cavalry, and had it in his power to have captured Richmond and to have held it for a short time. "There lay Richmond before us," said Sheridan, "and there was nothing to keep us from going in. It would have cost five or six hundred lives, and I could not have held the place, of course. But I knew that the moment it was learned at the North that a Union army was in Richmond, then every bell would ring and I should have been the hero of the hour. But I had learned this thing—that our men knew what they were about. I had seen them come out of a fight, in which only a handful were killed, discontented, mad clear through, because they knew an opportunity had been lost, or a sacrifice, small as it was, had been needlessly made; and I had seen them come out good-natured, enthusiastic and spoiling for more when they had left the ground so thickly covered with dead that you could have crossed it on the bodies alone. They realized that the object gained had been worth the cost. They would have followed me, but they would have known as well as I that the sacrifice was for no permanent advantage."





SHERIDAN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY (OCTOBER, 1864) — THE ROUT OF GENERAL ROSSER, AND STRUGGLE FOR THE LAST CONFEDERATE GUN AT MOUNT JACKSON.  
FROM A WAR-TIME PICTURE IN "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER." — SEE PAGE 14





NEW YORK CITY.—THE ELECTRICAL STORM ON THE NIGHT OF THE 4TH INST.—A BRILLIANT AND TERRIFYING PHENOMENON IN THE OPERATING ROOM OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH BUILDING.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 6.



[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

**BLACK BLOOD:**  
A PECULIAR CASE.BY  
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,AUTHOR OF  
"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S  
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER LII.—DICK HAS A BAD NIGHT.

"If I wasn't such a coward!—if I wasn't such a coward!" cried Dick White, as he paced up and down his room. "How many times have I seemed to see it all—haunting me—haunting me."

"It wasn't murder: I was only fighting for liberty. And I've seemed to see him ever since, and it has been as if I had never had a happy hour all these years."

"What I've suffered! What I've suffered! And I'm such a coward, or I should go and speak out at once and save him."

"No, no, no, I can't! They wouldn't believe a word of it. They'd say I was mad—and if they did believe it—Ah!"

"And who wouldn't be a coward! Is it such an easy thing to be hung! Oh, the times I've seen it all—the constables and the handcuffs—the magistrates and the evidence—and then the trial and the judge speaking slow and solemn and sentencing me—to death."

"If I wasn't such a coward!"  
"Poor Master Rob! And him so true, and brave and stanch. Such a lad as he is. I'll go! I'll tell everything. It'll save him, and I'd better be hung than hold my tongue when a word would keep him from being shot."

"No; that devil would say it was all a lie; and then he'd hunt me down, and I should be hung—hung by the neck till I was dead. And I swore I'd be true to him, and keep it all a secret. I swore I would. What did I say?"

He shuddered as he pressed his hands to his burning brow and gazed wildly around.

"I don't know now. It seems all gone, but I swore it, and I've kept my oath."

"But I didn't know it would come to this, and it's too horrible—too horrible for a man to bear."

He stood gazing straight at the wall again, and he burst out now in a fierce, denunciatory way.

"Yes, I will!" he cried. "I dare tell everything. He's a brave, true, noble fellow, and you've been a curse to him. Yes—you. A brute. I've seen you lash him like a dog, as you've lashed me with your tongue. Like a dog—treated me like a dog—treated us all like dogs. But I've kept my word. I swore I'd do everything you said, and I've done it. Ah!"

He rushed to the side of the room, poured out some water quickly, and bent down to bathe his brow.

"Seems to clear one like," he muttered, as he held the towel to his face. "I can think now, and there isn't that black cloud pressing down upon a man's head."

He began to pace the room again.  
"If I only dared speak! If I only dared speak!" he groaned, as he sank down in a sitting position on the edge of the bed, and began to rock himself to and fro.

"What did he say? That so sure as there was a God above he'd denounce me; and leave no stone unturned to send me to the gallows—and he would—he would; and I'm a coward—a miserable coward I always was."

"Never mind, Master Rob, lad," and he spoke in a light, half-pitiful way, as if the person addressed were present; "it's only a short and a sharp sting. You're a soldier, and it's what you might expect some time or other. You gave it him well, and can feel happy about that, and I can tell you one thing, lad, much older as I am, that life ain't worth having—it's been to me almost a curse. Better out of it, my lad, and go to sleep—eh?"

He bent forward and smiled as the vacant look upon his face increased.

"Why don't I go out of it? Why don't I tell the truth? Hah! That's it. I'm such a coward, my lad—such a coward. I daren't speak, not even to give you your own. Ah, it's weary work, lad, when you've got something like this on your mind. Sleeping or waking, it's always there. His eyes looking at you and telling you that you killed him. I've seen him pointing lots of times to a crowd on a dark morning, and when I've looked, there was something swinging to and fro above the crowd, and I daren't look any more, and then he seemed to laugh and jeer at me as if he was pleased that I should be punished and suffer as I do."

Dick leaped up with an angry cry and looked wildly round as he pressed his brow.

"Tain't drink," he muttered, thickly, "for I haven't touched a drop; but it's just like it was that time after the whisky. Seems all real like, and as if I was talking to him. Seems to be sitting there and looking at me with them bright eyes of his, and asking me to save him. Said he was so young and didn't want to die like that."

"Poor lad!" he said, after a pause. "Why should he, when there's only me in the way? I will speak. I'll go to the colonel and tell him all the truth, if I can only keep my head and remember what I want to say; but it keeps going from me. Seems like walking straight to the gallows, and they'd try me and hang me. Yes, they'd try me and hang me for it. What of that? It would be the saving of as true a lad as ever stepped, and it would make those old people happy—two who never did me harm. I will tell them. I'll make a clean breast before it is too late, and before he comes."

"No, no, I cannot," groaned the unhappy man, wildly; and he stood pointing before him. "As soon as I say I will, he seems to be lying out there

in the copse, among the wet leaves and dripping grass, and he opens his eyes and looks at me, and—there he is again. Don't, don't, don't, master—don't look at me like that. It was an accident—the gun went off in the tussle."

Dick sank upon his knees and stretched out his hands as he gazed into vacancy.

"I couldn't help it—you know I couldn't help it, and that I'd sooner have cut off my right hand than pulled the trigger. Don't look at me like that. Help!—help! What shall I do?"

The wretched man sank down from where he had cast himself upon his knees and lay groveling upon the floor.

"It isn't that I'm afraid to die. I've suffered so much that my life has been a hell upon earth, but it's that—it's that. He's always there, seeming as if he'd drag me down—drag me down, and I daren't—I daren't face that. It is too terrible to bear."

"What shall I do? Let that brave young fellow die, or speak the truth?"

"No, I dare not. When he comes he'll tell Sir Philip, and it will all be stopped. How long will it be before he comes? The letters must reach him, and I've sent them both, in spite of all he said. Poor lad!—poor lad!"

Dick at last rose from where he lay with the intention of going to Sir Philip's room, waking him and making a full confession of his sins; but as soon as he reached the door, it seemed to him, in his over-excited state, that the murdered game-keeper stood in the way, threatening him with extended hand, and he shrank back with a wild cry, to cast himself, writhing in agony, upon the bed.

A few words bravely spoken would have changed the current of events; and Dick White fought hard to speak those words. Hour succeeded hour, with determination to act coming and coming again; but it was always the same as the wild fit of delirium increased. There stood by him the figure of Rob, despairingly pleading that he would save his life, and on the other hand, like some mocking fiend, the form of the dead keeper standing in his way to drive him back.

"It's so that I shan't do ought that might tell for me by-and-by," groaned Dick. "It's to make sure of me when I'm trying to do right. Master Rob, lad, I want to save you. I'm ready to die so that you may live, but it's too late—too late now. Look there," and he paused, as he pointed straight before him; "he's stopping me—he won't let me go past him, and it's too late—too late."

## CHAPTER LIII.—THE DOCTOR'S OPINION.

DICK WHITE was not the only sleepless one in that house. The hours passed slowly on, and Sir Philip Cope lay thinking and jealously careful not to move, lest he should cause Lady Cope to speak.

For he was convinced that she was awake. Over and over again a smothered sigh had escaped her lips, and there had been a faint movement as if a handkerchief were pressed to two weeping eyes.

"I'd give anything," thought the colonel, "to save him, but it cannot be. What's that?"

He listened attentively, for he fancied that he heard a sound in the house, but it was not repeated, and he lay thinking again for a time.

Then there was another sound as of a loud cry, smothered by passing through wall and door, and, glad of the opportunity for changing the current of his thoughts, Sir Philip hastily rose and began to dress.

He left his place very quietly, but he had proof positive directly that Lady Cope was awake.

"Is anything wrong, dear?" she said, softly.

"Are you ill? Can I fetch you anything?"

"Ill? No, no," he said, hastily. "Don't be alarmed."

"What is it?" she cried, excitedly. "A messenger from town?"

"No, no," he said, angrily, as he grasped the bent of her thoughts, and it exasperated him. "I thought I heard a noise down-stairs."

"A noise?"

"Yes. Lie still. It may be nothing, but I'll go and speak to White."

"There is something wrong," said Lady Cope, excitedly, for at that moment there was a quick tap at the door.

"Yes! Who's there?"

"Margery, Sir Philip. Would you please to get up?"

He threw on his dressing-gown and opened the door, to find the confidential servant waiting with a candle in her hand, which she held over the balustrade above her head as she gazed down.

"What is it, Margery?"

"I don't know, Sir Philip; only that I have heard something again and again. I could not sleep."

The execution met him at every turn, and he gave an impatient stamp as he said, hastily:

"The sentries; or something, perhaps, at the stables."

"No, Sir Philip, I have tried to think it was that, but it is something down-stairs. Either people have broken in or White is ill."

"White?"

"Yes. I heard a noise not many minutes ago, as if some one had fallen against a door, and I'm afraid it must be White in his room."

"I'll be there directly," said Sir Philip, excitedly.

"Only an attack of colic, or something of that kind, my dear," he said to Lady Cope. "Don't be alarmed."

He went out, to find Margery very pale and trembling; and, trying to reassure her, they hurried to the man's room, to find the door fastened on the inside.

Sir Philip knocked sharply.

"White!" he exclaimed. "Is anything wrong?"

A deep groan was the only answer.

"Stand aside," said the colonel; and, stepping back, he made a rush at the door, and burst the lock from its hold.

White lay on the floor moaning, and with his lips moving fast.

Sir Philip looked round in search of signs of forcible entry, and then at the servant for injuries; but it was plain enough to see that the poor fellow was suffering from a seizure, and as the colonel bent over him he caught from time to time some of the incoherent expressions which fell from White's lips.

He could make nothing of them, however; and after vainly trying to make the sufferer partake of a little water, Sir Philip turned to Margery.

"Brain, I'm afraid," he said. "The poor fellow is the friend and companion of Private Black, and this terrible business has been preying upon his mind."

"Shall I fetch the doctor, sir?"

"No: I can't send you out in the middle of the night," said Sir Philip, shortly. "Stay with the poor fellow till I return."

"Brain, sir, brain," said the doctor, when he had been fetched. "Good Heavens! How the poor fellow keeps on wandering about death and punishment!"

"No wonder," said Sir Philip, shortly. "He was poor Black's friend."

"Oh!" said the doctor, quietly. "That accounts for it. Poor fellow! I suppose there is to be a reprieve, Sir Philip?"

"For Black? No."

"Oh, come, sir! You'll excuse me, I know; but surely that case might be met by a few months' punishment."

"No, doctor, the court-martial sentence will have to be carried out."

"But really—I would not speak so plainly, but Miller got no more than he deserved."

"The private soldier struck his superior officer, and assaulted him afterwards very brutally. It is impossible for discipline to be carried out in these evil times unless punishments are enforced."

"Well," said the doctor, shortly, "I can stand our fellows being killed by the enemy, but when it comes to their being shot by our own men, I feel it is time to protest."

"My dear doctor," said Sir Philip, stiffly, "we did not make martial law; we are only its servants, and have to obey, so don't you think our argument is likely to be of a barren nature?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"What about our patient?"

"Let him lie here till morning, and then I must have him in hospital, unless her ladyship forbids his removal."

"As she certainly will, poor fellow. You think it is brain, then?"

"Undoubtedly; brought on by mental anxiety, I should say. He must not be left. I'll send in one of the women—Mrs. Dann."

The doctor took his departure, and Sir Philip sat by the sick man's side, listening to his wanderings, and feeling half-startled at times by the wild, excited talk of murder—of dread of punishment, and of some oath that had been sworn; but he set it all down to the man's delirium, and within an hour the watcher was relieved by the coming of Mrs. Dann, quiet, grave and composed, looking as if it was part of her regular life to be called out of bed in the middle of the night, as she unrolled an apron which she took from a capacious pocket, and put it on, after hanging her shawl and bonnet up behind the door.

"How are you now, White?" said Sir Philip, kindly; and he laid his hand upon his servant's brow.

"Who's that?" he said. "Sir Philip?"

"Yes, my man. How are you?"

"I'll confess now. I'll tell you all. Let them do what they like. They shan't shoot him. No, no, no, sir! I swear it was an accident. You pulled the gun, and it caught in that blackthorn bush. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, sir—I wouldn't indeed, sir. Don't betray me, sir. It was an accident, sir—upon my soul it was. I'll be like your dog, sir. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, sir. Don't tell, sir. Ah! He's shot—he's dead!"

Sir Philip's lip quivered, and he turned away his eyes, encountering those of the nurse.

"They listed together, sir, and his poor head's running on Robert Black's execution. Oh, sir, is that poor boy to be shot?"

"Silence, woman!" said Sir Philip, sternly, and, more deeply moved than he cared to show, he walked out of the room.

Dick watched him wildly till the door closed, and then turned and stared at Mrs. Dann.

"Has he gone for the police?" he whispered.

"No, no, no, my dear. There, there, lay your poor, burning head down on the pillow. It aches, and you're all in trouble, but try and go to sleep."

As she bent down over the bed and laid her hand upon the sick man's forehead, he raised his arms, clasped her round the neck, drawing her face down to his, and kissed her lovingly.

The woman started back angrily, and her hand was involuntarily raised, but Dick's words disarmed her.

"Thank ye, mother," he said, gently. "That's like old times. I seem to have dreamed that you were dead and gone—dead and gone—to the old man. Hush! come closer. It was an accident. Poor fellow! Shot, you know—shot, mother; and there he lay with the blood running from him, all in a red pool. I'd ha' give the world—or I'd ha' killed myself, to bring him back. Don't you believe it of me, dear?"

"His poor head," said Mrs. Dann, softly, as she brushed Dick's hair from his brow.

"That's nice," he sighed. "Just as you did when I had the fever so bad. Don't you remember?"

"He takes me for his mother, poor fellow," said Mrs. Dann, softly. "No, no; lie still—lie still."

"So horrible to shoot a man, and you stand by and not speak."

"But let's hope they will not, my dear."

"But they will—yes, they will. They'll hang

me. He'll tell. He swore he would, and he made me swear. Poor lad! Always such a nice, frank, handsome boy."

"Always," said Mrs. Dann, softly. "But there, you go to sleep, my lad, and you'll be better soon."

Dick gazed at her wildly.

"Where's my gun?" he said, sharply, as he caught her hand. "My short gun."

"Your carbine, lad? It's on the rack, I suppose."

"Rack? Yes: hid in the bacon-rack. It's as true a piece as was ever made. I can kill with it," Dick replied.

"Ah! and you may thank your stars that you haven't to use it, my lad," said Mrs. Dann, to herself.

"It's so easy to shoot a man," whispered Dick, pressing her arm. "One pull of the trigger—just a touch—and there he lies on the ground with his eyes staring at you as if he was asking you why you did that. Dead!—dead!—dead!"

"I've seen a many cases, and I've listened to the poor lads raving with wounds and fever and the rest of it, but I never felt as I do now," muttered Mrs. Dann. "Poor fellow, how he mixes it all up!"

And so the night passed away, and the dull gray morning appeared.

Mrs. Dann had sat through the long, dreary hours watching, and about daybreak Dick seemed to be sleeping peacefully—a sleep that grew more deep as the time progressed, till, after busily putting the sick-room straight, the nurse went down to the kitchen, and partook of some breakfast with Margery, Nelly Dawson being in her room.

"Sick," said Margery, gravely; and if she had been speaking of herself the expression would have been very appropriate, for her face was of a peculiar sallowness, and there were dark rings about her eyes.

The two women hardly spoke afterwards, but sat in the darkened kitchen with the window-blinds drawn down, and a peculiar silence reigning in the place.

Mrs. Dann felt eager to speak of the execution, but Margery's looks were so repellent that she did not venture, contenting herself with sipping her tea, and wondering how Chip was, and then about how Rob Black was comporting himself.

"He'll march out and die like a soldier," she said, suddenly.

"What?" cried Margery, with a horrified start.

"I—I—beg your pardon. I did not speak," faltered Mrs. Dann.

"You did—you horrible woman!" cried Margery.

"You people think no more of a human life than if it was a stone."

"But—"

"Don't speak to me!" cried Margery, excitedly.

"So long as you can have your glory and show, that's all you care for; while that poor boy is to be led out this morning and die, you begin boasting, and say 'like a soldier.'"

"I thought I was speaking to myself," said Mrs. Dann, humbly. "I'm sure I'd give anything to save the poor lad's life."

Margery made no reply, but left her untasted breakfast and hurried up-stairs.

"I'd no appetite before," said Mrs. Dann, sadly; "I can't eat now."

She rose, too, and went back to Dick's room, and found him still apparently asleep.

Mrs. Dann sat down to listen to her patient's breathing, and as she listened she heard more. For there was the trumpet-call, the tramping of horses; and as the old soldier's wife sat there, she pictured in her mind everything that was taking place, till finally she could see, in imagination, the troops drawn up, the group of officers and the prisoner, bandaged of eye, waiting for his doom.

"I can't stand it any longer," she said, to herself, as she crossed to Dick's bedside and found that to all appearance he was sleeping soundly. "I'm a soldier's wife, and I haven't been all these years in the regiment without taking an interest in everything."

She hurried to the door, but stopped short.

"No, poor lad, I can't. I don't want to see him shot. It's too cruel; and yet somehow I feel as if I ought to see him standing up there facing them all. Poor lad! Poor lad! Why, it might have been my Chip!"

She shuddered and turned pale at the thought, while a fierce struggle went on in her breast between curiosity and her better feelings.

She knew the colonel's house well enough to feel that she could get to a window commanding a view of the parade-ground, where she could see all, while the utter stillness of the place, and the knowledge that the colonel had gone, and that the women would be certain to shut themselves up till all was over, encouraged her to try and gratify the intense desire she felt; and at last, after another glance at the man she was set to watch, she stole cautiously out of the sick-room.

## CHAPTER LIV.—SERGEANT SLACK'S DUTY.

THERE was a horrible deliberation in the preliminaries of that military execution. It was as if even the officers strove to make the time pass as slowly as they could, in the belief that possibly something might happen to spare the prisoner's life. Once the final preparations made, and the stern orders given, nothing could be done; but now it was not too late, and every little discipline-taught bit of precision was gone through with painful exactness, in kindness, but a kindness that was barbed with terrible suffering for the prisoner waiting by the open grave.

And yet the time was not long; it was only that the minutes seemed leaden-winged and their flight sluggish in these last moments, from life—in the full vigor of manhood—to death.

Strong once more in the reaction which had set in after the cruel crushing of his belief, Rob had time to look around and feel how little there was before him to make this parade of the troops



different from some ordinary display, such as he had often taken part in before.

It was in his rear that the terrible significance of the gathering lay. But one step backward and there was the coffin—another and it would be into his grave! No; it must be some strange, wild fancy of the brain! This could not be the end!

Thought succeeded thought now in wildly erratic rush.

Would the men fire low, and the bullets crash into him with the infliction of hideous pain?

Should he fall at once and lie writhing there in agony?

Would his manhood and determination to be brave be swept away, and should he shriek in his pangs for mercy—the mercy that would take the form of a shot from Sergeant Slack's horse-pistol to put him out of his misery?

How the villain would delight in drawing trigger and ending his unhappy life!

It would be horrible if he were shot like that, and died an abject coward in the sight of all the corps.

Or would the men aim high, and at the word "Fire!" some lucky bullet pass at once through his brain, that he might fall dead as a soldier should die—falling with his face to his enemies as in war?

Yes, it would be like that. He was no coward, or he would have felt a chill of horror at his impending fate, an abject shrinking, and have struggled with his guards to escape, or at least to rush forward to his old colonel, throw himself upon his knees and plead for life.

No; there was no desire to do all this, and the mental cloud seemed to return once again, blunting his senses. The acute agony had passed away, and suffering no more, he stood there calmly, patiently waiting till these terrible preparations had been gone through in slow formality step by step, as it was written in the military code such and such things should be done.

A low murmur.

Not from the regiment now, but from those gathered without the walls, where the rumor of what was to be enacted had somehow leaked out, and men had gathered, eager, had they been allowed, to witness their fellow-creature's end.

The sky grew more leaden, and clouds that might have been looked upon as clouds of smoke gathered overhead.

But behind those clouds the sun was shining brightly, and struggling to pierce them and shed its rays of life and light upon the scene.

So struggled the light of hope in Rob's brain, and strove to pierce the mental clouds that dulled and darkened his powers of thought.

Once more there was that fancy of a reprieve being at hand; and in spite of himself he cast a wild look round.

It was but a mental flash, hidden by the clouds—a quick glance, veiled by the dropped eyelids—and again he stood firm.

There was the click of an accoutrement, and he unrolled his eyes to fix the firing party with a bold, defiant stare, which embraced their carbines and the horse-pistol which the sergeant held in his trembling hand.

There was a pause in the proceedings, for now a low murmur arose at one corner of the hollow square, and, rapidly increasing in volume, ran along each face.

The colonel touched his horse's flanks with his spurs, and, followed by several officers, rode along the front, sternly scanning the faces of his men as if in search of one who dared utter protest or declaim against the sentence being carried out; but as he rode on the hoarse murmur ran along the ranks to the extreme left, as the angry breeze—the *avant-courier* of a storm—sweeps over the edge of a forest and is gone, dying in fierce mutterings which become a whisper and then all is still.

There was a hush now, and strong men held their breath.

"Why, it's mutiny!" thought Miller, as a strange thrill ran through his breast.

"Hang me!" muttered Hesselton from where he sat, pale as ashes, "if the lads made a dash to cut the poor fellow out, hang me if I'd raise a hand."

Miller's eyes half closed as he watched the colonel's movements, and then, drawn by some instinct—some flying thought—he glanced towards the house, and casually noted the blind drawn aside from the open window.

"She's there," he said to himself, with a curious catching of the breath. "Well, women like anything akin to gladiatorial displays. Here is one that ought to satisfy a woman's taste for blood."

At that moment Sergeant Slack stepped forward with the carefully folded white handkerchief in his hand, and there was a satisfied smile in his eyes as he stepped before Rob.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Silence!" cried the sergeant.

"I am not afraid. I shall not flinch, man."

"Silence, sir!" whispered Slack, savagely. "Do you suppose the men want to look at the face of such a white-livered hound? Stand still!"

Rob drew a deep breath; and with unnecessary roughness, and as if he revelled in the task, the sergeant fastened the bandage over the prisoner's eyes.

"There," he said, in a snarling whisper. "I always thought you would come to a dog's death. Thank your stars that you are not going to be hung."

"You coward!" said Rob, turning menacingly on his tormentor.

The movement was so sudden that the sergeant started backward, his heels caught upon something which gave forth a hollow sound, and he fell with a crash across the coffin which lay half behind the prisoner.

For a moment there was silence, and then there rose a tremendous cheer from the ranks, and Sir

Philip Cope's face grew stern as he turned his horse's head.

Captain Miller half faced round to give a threatening scowl at his troop, when a low, angry growl arose from the assembled men—a harsh, vindictive sound which made him turn more pale as he whispered to Hesselton:

"The regiment is in open mutiny. The ring-leaders must be seized."

"The boys are only giving loud vent to what I feel," said Hesselton, savagely, and Miller uttered a low curse.

The sounds died out, and by this time, with his uniform soiled by the wet earth, Sergeant Slack had taken his station by the firing party.

Rob's lips moved slowly as, to bring the painful scene to an end after all this deliberate preparation, the orders were given in a sharp, harsh voice, the men's pieces were leveled, and then came the word:

"Fire!"

A ringing volley rang out, to echo sharply from the colonel's house, when a low murmur ran along the ranks as, to a man, they gazed at the long, dense cloud of smoke which hid the prisoner from their sight.

An awful silence succeeded the volley from the carbines, the echo, and the strange muttering of the men; and then, from beyond the barracks-gates, came the distinct shout of one of the crowd gathered without:

"Yah! Butchers!"

The smoke rose slowly in the damp air, and Rob Black was seen standing erect, with his arms crossed upon his breast.

The men drew breath to utter a cheer which should give the lie to the cry they had heard, but directly after they uttered a hiss, for the command rang out once more:

"Fire!"

The second rank of men drew trigger, and their pieces went off almost as one.

There was the answering echo, and the smoke rose slowly once more upon the soft, misty air, to reveal Rob still erect in his place, and if wounded, not severely enough to fall.

The reason was simple enough: to a man his comrades had sworn that they would fire in the air, and the bullets that should have drunk his young life's blood had winged their way over the adjacent fields.

There was the same intense disposition to cheer, but the men's voices found utterance in a low, menacing growl, for Sergeant Slack stepped briskly forward, pistol in hand, the weapon being to do the duty of the *misericorde* dagger of the olden time.

There was a grim look of satisfaction upon his face as he cocked the piece, raised it, and was in the act of placing it to the prisoner's ear, when a sharp, clear report rang out from the direction of the colonel's house, and as the smoke floated upward, Sergeant Slack was seen to be staggering forward, pistol in hand, to end by turning sharply round and falling flat upon his face. There was a dead silence; then, with a tremendous shout, the whole regiment gave vent to the suppressed agony they had been suffering all through those terrible moments. The ranks were in disorder, in spite of the efforts of the officers. Men grasped each other's hands; caps were swung in the air; and again and again they sent up to the leaden morning skies a tremendous cheer.

(To be continued.)

## HELENA, ARKANSAS.

THE LEADING "RIVER" CITY OF THE STATE.

HELENA, Ark., August 1st.  
NOT many artists would come here in search of subjects for their pencil unless they had been here before and seen for themselves what Nature had done for this region; and if they ever started on their journey they would be liable to turn back ere they reached it. The country between here and Knobel, where we leave the main line of the Iron Mountain Road, is not such as to cause one to stand in "awe" at the sights presented, unless, perhaps, it is at the character of the population, which is "colored" to a degree of blackness not often met with in the North. They all come to their cabin-doors as the train passes by, and gaze upon it with keen admiration, and, as one of them said to me at a station where we stopped for water: "This railroad, sah, has made me what I am. It has given us farmers, sah, an outlet for our produce. Befe' it came to us, we had to eat everything we raised, and some of us died because we ate too much; but now, sah, we can ship our surplus to St. Louis and Helena, where we always find a market." How much the surplus is, or in what it consists, he did not state, though we doubt whether the markets of either city would be seriously affected if there should happen to be a failure in their surplus of cabbage and potatoes, or of "hog and hominy." The country is full of wealth, but it is hidden beneath the mighty forests that cumber the earth all over this State, and Arkansas will never realize its greatness and power until they shall have been subdued.

As we approached Helena, commencing some twenty or thirty miles west of it, we saw evidences of much thrift and prosperity. The farms were more numerous and more thoroughly cultivated; the buildings were better, the stock finer, the roads more generally improved, and the population less "colored." Indeed, the surroundings were pleasing, and I was gratified that I had made the journey. But when the train emerged from the pleasant scenes in the rear of Helena, and brought up face to face with the mighty Mississippi, there was a scene spread out before me very beautiful to behold.

Helena has always been called a "river" city, and so it was until by the energy of the great Iron Mountain system it was rescued from its dependent position and made one of its numerous outlets. The war almost crushed it out of existence and cut it out of many years of growth, but by patient industry and perseverance it has emerged from its obscurity and has at last come to be an important commercial point. It is a standing advertisement of the power of railroads in developing human progress, for had not the Iron Mountain Road stretched forth its arms and taken it in, there is no telling how long it would have remained in its

former undeveloped condition. In the old days, when the people depended entirely upon river transportation, a week was consumed in making the journey to St. Louis; whereas it can now be easily made in eighteen hours. After the Iron Mountain came, other railroad projects began to develop, and now Helena rejoices in three lines of communication with the outer world, and still another is being talked of. The Arkansas Midland runs from here to Clarendon, Ark., and there connects with what is known as the "Cotton Belt" Road, which extends from St. Louis to Fort Worth, Tex. The Midland will ultimately go on through to Little Rock, the handsome and prosperous capital of the State; and when it does, it will be a great day for that city, for then there will be no need of going one hundred and fifty miles out of the way in order to reach the Mississippi River. Then, on crossing the river at this point, the Mobile and Northwestern Railroad looms up. It only extends thirty miles into Mississippi at this time, to Clarksdale, but it makes a very important connection at Lula, seven miles distant, with the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railroad, giving a short route not only to Memphis, but also to New Orleans. Another railroad, known as the Helena, Tupelo and Decatur, commencing at a point on the east side of the river, and extending in a direct line east to Decatur, Ala., is now projected, and a survey of the same is being made. The extension of the Batesville and Brinkley Railroad from Brinkley, Ark., to Helena is only a question of a very short time. This latter road will afford an outlet for the White River Valley, one of the best farming regions in the South, and open up a very profitable trade for the business men of this city.

It will be seen, from this brief recital of the transportation facilities of Helena, that it is making rapid strides in the right direction. The "river" town of the war has disappeared, and there is developing a little metropolis of the latter-day character. It is now only two or three hours from Memphis, and will soon be but four hours from Little Rock, while Kansas City and St. Louis are within a day's ride.

We stated above that the great Iron Mountain Road had "made Helena," and the more the situation is considered the more clearly the truth of the assertion becomes apparent. It was an insignificant village when that road came here, while now it claims a population of fully 6,000. It had but 2,100 in 1870 and 3,700 in 1880, and was as helpless as an infant in the way of transportation, for its sole dependence was upon the river. Then, in its business relations its development has been in the same proportion as its growth in population. Careful estimates place its various improvements in 1880 at \$10,000, while last year they were \$125,000, and will reach \$250,000 during 1888. Its trade in cotton during 1880 did not exceed 4,000 bales, while in 1887 it reached 52,000, and will not fall below 70,000 this year. The retail trade of Helena has been for some years, and is, in an exceedingly satisfactory condition, showing a steady increase. The merchants and business men appear prosperous, and seem to be making money. The stores are very much larger than we expected to find them, and their goods are of a finer quality than we had any idea could be sold in this section. The business blocks are almost entirely built of brick, and while they are not fine, still they are as substantial as can be found in any city, North or South, of the size of Helena. One of its most enterprising citizens, Mr. C. R. Coolidge, has erected a bright and commodious little opera-house, and important improvements are going on all round the town. If some one would only come here and erect a twenty-five room hotel, where even a few creature comforts could be assured the traveling public, he would live for ever in the esteem of thousands.

That there are openings here for business men there can be no question, especially in a wholesale way; and those who come first will reap the richest reward. That the city is favorably located, geographically, no one will dispute who will examine an atlas; and that it has a good future before it there can be no reasonable doubt—that is, when its tributary country shall have been developed. The courtesies received while here have been many, and most gratefully appreciated.

JOHN H. PATTERSON.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEITHER Dr. Cook, State Geologist of New Jersey, nor Professor Frank Mason, his assistant, place any confidence in the so-called fossil "wonder" which was found by Mr. Penn at Bridgeton recently. Professor Mason has examined the thing, and says that in his opinion it is nothing but an oddly shaped concretion of iron. The formation was found in sand, and contains no traces of animal life, neither bones nor teeth. In a true fossil there is never found a trace of flesh, but there are always traces of bones and teeth.

PROFESSOR ELISHA GRAY, of Highland Park, Ill., has obtained letters patent, dated July 31st, 1888, for a combination of instruments called the telautograph, consisting of a transmitter and a receiver, and designed for transmitting messages by wire between distant points by the sender, in his own handwriting, thus doing away with skilled operators. The invention is based on the discovery of a new principle in controlling the electric current, whereby a pulsatory current is produced—all previous attempts to transmit handwriting having been based on the use of a variable current.

E. LAPLACE (*Pharm. Zeitung*) recommends the crude sulpho-carbolic acid as a reliable bactericide and as a general disinfectant, inferior only to solutions of bichloride of mercury of the same strength, but having the advantage of being much less poisonous and considerably cheaper. It is obtained by mixing equal parts by weight of crude sulphuric acid and crude 25 per cent. carbolic acid, heating for a short time and allowing to cool. This mixture is easily soluble in water. A 4 per cent. solution killed anthrax bacilli within forty-eight hours, which a 2 per cent. solution of pure carbolic acid was not able to do.

M. SCOLA has been trying a variety of experimental stains for the glass of dark-room windows, and has fixed upon the following formula:

Water	.....	100 c. c.
Gelatin	.....	5 grams
Nitrate of silver	.....	1 gram

Glass coated with this solution is exposed to light until it assumes a reddish brown tint. It is then washed, to eliminate the nitrate of silver. A surface is thus obtained through which the actinic rays do not pass. The coloration may be deepened by increasing the proportion of nitrate of silver up to three or even four grams. Glass tinted in this way may also be used to shade the dark-room lanterns.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is stated that over 500,000 rose-plants are annually imported into America from England, France and Holland.

A RECENT official publication estimates the average annual decrease of the Indians at nearly 2,000. Their present total number in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is about 245,000.

THE young Emperor William of Germany, following the example of the late venerable Kaiser, will sojourn in Alsace-Lorraine for ten days, making the palace at Strasburg his headquarters. He will visit Metz and other large towns.

ARPAH HARASZTHY, the great Hungarian-California wine-grower, is reported to have said that pure California wine can be laid down in the Eastern cities as cheap as beer. He and others estimate the California wine-crop of this year at 30,000,000 gallons.

THE main building of Wells College, Mrs. Cleveland's Alma Mater, at Aurora, N. Y., was burned last Thursday morning. Morgan Hall and the laundry were saved. It is said that there is an insurance of \$100,000, but this would not cover half the loss.

HEADSTONES were blown from a cemetery, whole fields of corn were husked on the stalk, and chickens were entirely denuded of feathers, by a cyclone near Wellington, Kan., on Tuesday of last week—unless the Press dispatches have taken unwarranted liberties with facts.

THE great log-raft from Nova Scotia, towed by two strong ocean tugs, was at various times during last week reported at points off the New England coast, progressing safely and steadily on her voyage to New York, where it will no doubt have arrived before this paper reaches the public.

THE feeling against Postmaster Pearson of the New York Post-office among the employees seems to increase. The Letter-carriers' Association of this city have roundly denounced his action in regard to the recently passed Eight-hour Law. The carriers complain that their work is as hard now as ever.

THE bronze statue of General G. K. Warren, by Gerhardt, was unveiled with military exercises at Gettysburg, on Wednesday of last week, on Little Round Top. It appropriately stands on the hill which proved the key-point of the Union lines at Gettysburg, and which Warren's military instinct and promptitude seized and saved in the nick of time.

THE crusade against abbreviated bathing-suits at Ocean Grove, the famous New Jersey camping ground, having resulted successfully, the authorities there have turned their attention to novels. Their sale on the grounds has been prohibited by the Association, on the supposition that light literature engages the time and attention of people which should be given to the religious services.

WHILE the European Powers are increasing their vast armies and powerful navies to unprecedented proportions, the Legislative Assembly of the Hawaiian Islands has passed a Military Bill over the King's veto, by which the naval establishment is abolished and the army reduced to sixty-five, exclusive of the military band. The Army went out sailing in the Navy (a sloop-yacht), the other day, and came near being totally annihilated by a capsized.

THE recent great strike of the employees of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has cost the company an immense amount of money. For the first six months of 1888 the decrease in net earnings, compared with the amount for the corresponding period of last year, reaches the astonishing total of \$4,701,549. The total deficit for the first half-year is \$4,400,000. Besides the engineers' strike, bad crops and low rates are blamed for this result.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA and John Most, the anarchist, talked before the Congressional Immigration Committee in this city, last week. Rossa told what he knew about the English practice of shipping convicts from British prisons to the United States. Most thought that there were at least 50,000,000 Socialists, or sympathizers with Socialism, in the world, but did not consider that the form of government in this Republic held out attractions to them.

THE Paris strikers last week plundered and sacked *cafes*, and actually threw a bomb, which fortunately failed to explode. There were several desperate encounters with the police. Many persons were wounded, and fifty arrests were made. The funeral of General Eudes, the Communist, was attended by thousands on Tuesday. A fight ensued with *gendarmes*, in which many persons were wounded by revolver-shots. Disturbances have also occurred at Amiens and Lyons.

THE Khedive of Egypt has, by a decree, taxed land devoted to the growing of tobacco in his domains \$157.50 an acre, and the Egyptians have refused to grow tobacco. The result is that, instead of the usual crop of 13,000,000 pounds, not more than 1,000,000 pounds are expected this year, whereas our Maryland tobacco manufacturers particularly rejoice. Virginia and North Carolina will also profit; but Maryland is entitled to assume that her products will be most in demand, because the Baltimore tobacco has been made the official tobacco of France.

"REDTOP" is spreading itself. People who daily pass Oak View, the President's country residence, near Washington, were greatly surprised a few days ago by the sudden appearance of a new building in the landscape. It went up almost in a night, while the President was absent on his fishing excursion, and is a perfectly finished ornamental cottage, 27 by 30 feet, with wide piazzas and complete equipment. It is made of Michigan wood, painted stone gray, with brown trimmings and red roof, and is a present from Western Michigan friends of the President to him and Mrs. Cleveland. It will be used as an office and summer-house.

FOR several months the Pittsburg and Lake Superior Mining Company has been prospecting with diamond-drills on the range midway between Marquette and Negaunee. The result of their work has just been made public, and there is a general rush for options all along that range clear through to the lake in the southern limit of Marquette. The drill in the last hole at a depth of 17 feet encountered mixed ore, and at a depth of 145 feet clear ore was struck, through which the drill has worked for 45 feet and is still working in it. The new find is one of the most important ever encountered in all the iron-bearing district, and establishes the fact that the deposit runs clear through to the lake.





MICHIGAN.—HON. WELLINGTON R. BURT, DEMOCRATIC-GREENBACK NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

SEE PAGE 14.

HON. LYMAN M. HUMPHREY,

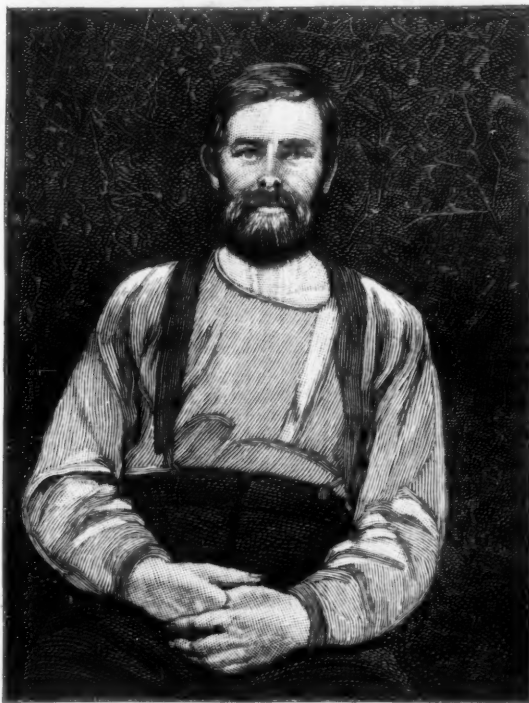
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.

LYMAN M. HUMPHREY, the Republican nominee for Governor of Kansas, was born in Stark County, Ohio, July 25th, 1844, and is now forty-four years of age. At the outbreak of the war in 1861, Mr. Humphrey was attending the high school at Massillon, and at the age of seventeen years he enlisted in Company I, Seventy-sixth Ohio Infantry, a regiment famous for its bravery and for the eminent men who belonged to it. While yet in his teens he was promoted to First-lieutenant, served as Adjutant of his regiment, and for a year before he was old enough to vote commanded a company. He participated in the battles of Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, the siege of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta and the campaign around that city, and was twice wounded.

At the termination of the war, Captain Humphrey entered Mount Union College, and soon afterward began a law course in the Michigan University. He was admitted to practice in the several courts of Ohio in 1868, and then removed to Shelby County,

Mo., and assisted in the editorial work on the *Shelby County Herald*. He shortly afterward went to Kansas, locating at Independence, Montgomery County, in February, 1871, and forming a law partnership with Hon. A. M. York. The *Independence Tribune* was founded by Messrs. A. M. York, A. T. Yoe and L. M. Humphrey, a relation sustained by the latter one year. The law partnership continued until 1876, since which time Mr. Humphrey has continued the practice alone. In 1871 he was nominated as a Republican candidate for a seat in the State Legislature, but because of his vigorous opposition to the issuance of questionable bonds to the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad Company he was defeated by a small vote. In 1876, however, he was vindicated by an election to the House from a district formerly Democratic, and served two years as a member of the Republican State Central Committee. In 1887 he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the office of Lieutenant-governor, and the following year was re-elected by a popular majority of 40,795.

In 1884 Mr. Humphrey was re-elected State Senator, which position he still holds.



NEBRASKA.—JOHN ANDERSON, OF JOHNSTOWN, RESCUED ALIVE AFTER BEING BURIED FOR NINE DAYS IN A WELL 156 FEET DEEP.



KANSAS.—HON. LYMAN M. HUMPHREY, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY LEONARD & MARTIN, TOPEKA.

TAKEN FROM THE TOMB.

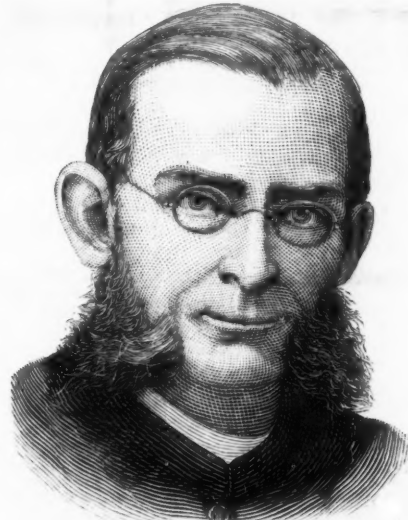
OUR readers will be interested in the portrait of John Anderson, of Johnstown, Neb., who, as the papers have recounted, was for nine days a prisoner in a space three feet square near the bottom of a caved-in well one hundred and fifty-six feet deep. The story of Mr. Anderson's imprisonment and rescue is a thrilling one. When the well caved in, the curbing fell in such a manner as to form a roof over Anderson's head, and upon this roof over one hundred feet of loose gravel and sand blocked his way to liberty and daylight. In three days after the man was entombed every one was so confident that he was dead, that the coroner was summoned, a coffin brought to the well, and the Oddfellows made preparations to bury him. Though in a very cramped position, and without food or water for six days, Anderson's courage and presence of mind did not leave him, and he dug his way upward, letting the sand he displaced go down under his feet. Meanwhile, his friends above were boring downward to find him, and at last, through the tiny opening they made, he heard, first, the buzzing of flies, and then the voices of his rescuers. With great caution food and water were lowered on a rope, and with renewed energy



Judge Wright, of Tennessee.



Captain Pratt, of Carlisle, Pa., Chairman of the Commission.



The Rev. Mr. Cleveland, of Dakota.



Chief John Grass.



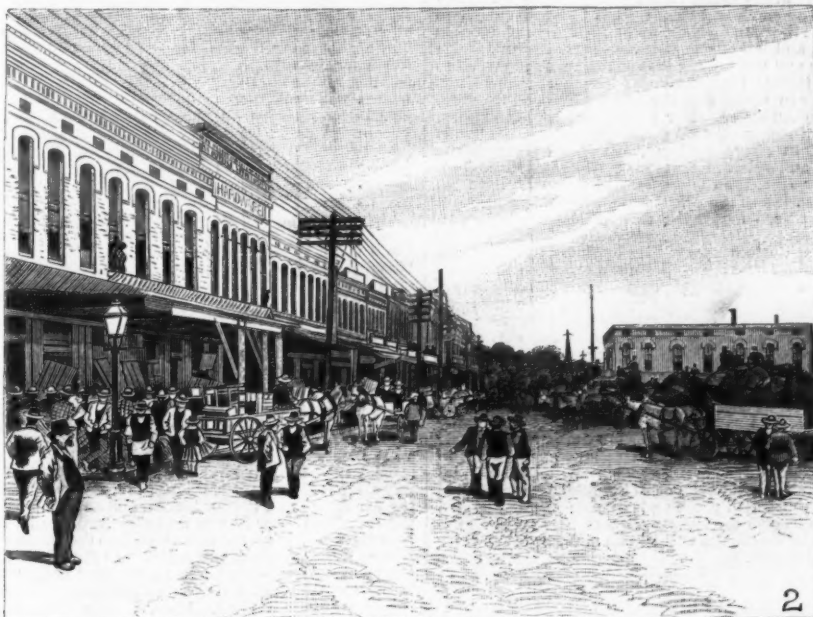
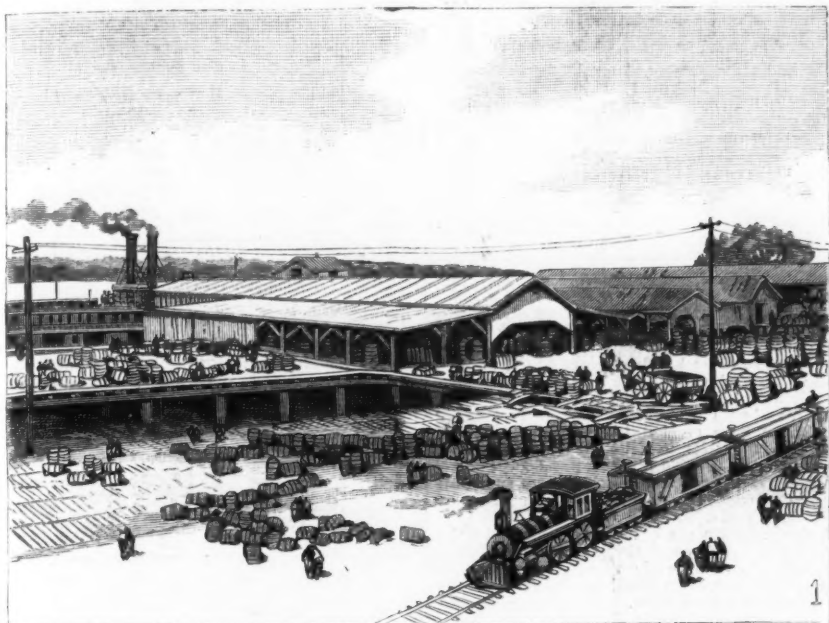
Chief Gall.



Chief Mad Bear.

DAKOTA.—THE SIOUX RESERVATION CONFERENCE AT STANDING ROCK—PORTRAITS OF LEADING UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS AND SIOUX CHIEFS. FROM PHOTOS. BY BARRY, OF BISMARCK.—SEE PAGE 6.





1. COTTON WAREHOUSE AND SHIPPING YARD. 2. STREET SCENE. 3. RESIDENCE OF C. R. COOLIDGE. 4. VIEW OF HELENA FROM COURT-HOUSE HILL.  
5. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. 6. JEFFERSON SCHOOL BUILDING.

ARKANSAS.—VIEWS OF HELENA, THE FLOURISHING "RIVER CITY" OF THE STATE.  
SEE PAGE 11.



the painfully tedious work of digging began. When enough earth had been removed by those above to make the plan feasible, a small box, eighteen inches long and ten by eleven inches square, open at both ends and thoroughly soaped inside, was lowered to the boards that covered Anderson. A hole was made in them, and the box was slipped through. Then Anderson, after pulling off all his clothes, tied a rope under his arms, and holding his hands straight above his head, was pulled through the box and released from his terrible imprisonment. After reaching the open air he was carried to his house, though he asked to be allowed to walk, and was placed under the care of Drs. Farleigh and Remey.

The doctors report him as doing well, and are confident that he will soon recover from the lameness and the mental prostration which his unfortunate accident brought upon him. The principal members of the rescuing party were Henry Archer, George Campbell, George Johnson, John Williams, James Warren and Samuel Pearson. These brave men were so overcome by fatigue and joy at the rescue, that when the assembled crowd congratulated and cheered them, they wept like children. So intense was the excitement and the sympathy for the imprisoned man, that farmers left their fields and merchants their stores and flocked to the scene of the accident, offering to lend a helping hand. Anderson owes his rescue largely to his own wonderful pluck and endurance. He planned and directed the last two days of labor, and all the time he was in the well he was never heard to utter a complaint.

#### HON. WELLINGTON R. BURT,

THE DEMOCRATIC-GREENBACK NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

IN the nomination of Wellington R. Burt, of East Saginaw, Mich., by both the Democratic and Greenback State Conventions, for the office of Governor of that State, the Fusionists feel confident of carrying the State ticket, at least, next November. Mr. Burt is described as a gentleman of irreproachable character, conservative in his politics, of good business habits, an admirable manager, a friend and sympathizer of the laboring man, and very popular with all classes. He is still on the sunny side of fifty, in the prime of life and business activity. Twenty-five years ago he made his appearance in the pine lands between East Saginaw and Bay City, Mich., ready for anything that might turn up in the way of work. He rolled logs, was sawman and bookkeeper by turns. He bought wood-land cheap, cut his own timber, built a mill and sawed his logs, and in the course of time he had a large number of hands in his employ. Having a keen business foresight and being a close worker, the pine lands he purchased "in the woods" for \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre now command \$75 per acre, and are still advancing. He has also large timber interests in Western New York, and is now ranked among the millionaire timber kings of the Northwest. Mr. Burt has not allowed business and money-getting to so absorb his time as to prevent him from taking an interest in politics and remembering his duty to the State. When a Republican he was elected Mayor of East Saginaw, and was a Delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention of 1880. Of late years, although his State went Republican, he has voted with the Democrats. He is now President of the Michigan Salt Association, which embraces nearly all the salt works in the State.

#### THE DEAD GENERAL.

THE death of General Sheridan, at Nonquitt, Mass., on Sunday night, the 5th inst., came, notwithstanding the protracted critical illness which had preceded it, like a sudden shock to the general public throughout the country. The bulletins issued by his physicians, up to within less than twenty-four hours before the end, were of so encouraging a nature, that the papers generally, and this one amongst the number, were reporting his favorable progress at the very time when the wires were flashing throughout the land the news of his death. The general's end was a peaceful one, but so unexpected that there was no thought even to call a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Sheridan was kneeling at her husband's bedside, and his last words were whispered in her ear. Colonel Michael Sheridan, the physicians and two Sisters of Bon Secours were also present. The four little children of the dying soldier were slumbering in their beds. It would appear as if the general, towards the last, became aware of the impending doom before his wife appreciated the danger. He spoke of his children once in faint tones, and several family matters were referred to. Then he murmured the name of his son, "Little Phil."

The body of the dead soldier was laid out temporarily on the bed whereon he died, and later was submitted to the embalming process. On Monday morning telegrams and communications began to pour in from all quarters from personal friends, comrades and various organizations, proffering sympathy and volunteering to assist in the obsequies. The action of the President and of both branches of Congress anticipated the feeling of the country. Mr. Cleveland, in a feeling message, informed the House and Senate. Both bodies, after passing appropriate resolutions, at once adjourned. To the United States Army, the death of their gallant commander was announced in a general order which embodied a worthy tribute to the dead.

In accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Sheridan, Colonel Sheridan asked General Schofield, who succeeds the dead general in the command of the army, to take charge of the funeral arrangements. It was decided that the specially requested burial "with military honors, with no display beyond what pertains to a strictly military funeral in proper respect to his rank," should take place in Washington; and the site of General Sheridan's grave, in Arlington Cemetery, overlooking the national capital, was selected by a committee consisting of General McFeeley, General Rucker and Major Lydecker, in the open plateau on the crest of the hill, upon which stands the old manor-house, and to the right of it. The following selection of pallbearers was made: Speaker Carlisle, General Wesley Merritt, Mr. G. W. Childs, Mr. Joseph Fulterton, Mr. Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Road; Secretary Whitney, General McFeeley, Marshall Field, of Chicago; Senator Joseph R. Hawley and General William Tecumseh Sherman. The arrangements for transferring the body from Nonquitt to Washington were made and carried out as follows: At 5 o'clock p. m. Wednesday the funeral party left the cottage. It consisted of Mrs. Sheridan, Colonel Sheridan, Colonel Kellogg and Colonel Blunt, the two Sisters of Mercy, Justinian and Ursula Klein, the body-servant, and Richard, his

assistant; and Mrs. Sheridan's maid. It was decided to leave the four children at the cottage in charge of Mrs. Colonel Kellogg, the fear being that the long night-trip to Washington and the strain of the following days might prove too much for them to bear. A platoon of Regular Army troops from Fort Adams was on hand, to do escort duty and to guard the remains all the way to Washington. The entire party walked to the steamboat-dock, just below the cottage. The coffin was carried from the cottage by six of the Fort Adams regulars, the guard of honor of the Loyal Legion leading the way.

The steamboat *Martha's Vineyard* conveyed the party to New Bedford, where the special train was made up of four cars—one baggage-car, one combination baggage and passenger car, and two Pullman sleepers—all draped with festoons of crape. The baggage and combination car carried the bier. The floor of the car was covered with black cloth, as was also the ceiling. The sides were covered with alternate stripes of black and white, and over the front door hung an American flag draped in black. The route was via the Old Colony Road to Taunton, thence to Walpole, where a connection was made with the New York and New England Road. After the night express leaving Boston for Washington at 7 o'clock p. m. had passed by, the special ran down behind it, having the right of way clear to Willimantic, where the train ran on to the Air Line Road to New Haven, and thence over the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road to New Rochelle. Here the branch road to the Harlem River Road was taken, and arriving at the Harlem, the train was run on a barge in waiting to convey it to Jersey City, and thence to Washington over the Pennsylvania Road. No stop was made at New York. The casket containing the remains rested on a black bier. The inscription on the plate was: "Philip Henry Sheridan, General United States Army. Born March 6, 1831. Died August 5, 1888." The general's sword lay on the casket, and over the sword was thrown a gold-and-silk flag.

The train left Jersey City N. J., at 8:20 A. M., and arrived in Washington at 3:17 p. m. on Thursday. It was met by General Schofield and Lieutenants Sawyer, Bliss and Pitcher, of his staff, a guard of honor from the District of Columbia Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and Troop B of the Fourth Cavalry, Captain Lawton in command. As the train slowed into the station, eight sergeants of the Third Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Danes, marched up the platform and formed in line. Soon after the train stopped, Mrs. Sheridan stepped out, leaning on the arm of Colonel Sheridan. They were met by General Rucker and Miss Rucker, Mrs. Sheridan's father and sister. They immediately entered their carriage, and were rapidly driven away. The artillery sergeants took the casket from the car, and bore it to a gun-caisson belonging to the Third Artillery, which was dressed with flags festooned with crape. As the caisson bearing the body left the station, Troop B of the Fourth Cavalry fell into line in front, and escorted the procession up Pennsylvania Avenue to Fifteenth Street and to St. Matthew's Church. Following the caisson in carriages, were General Schofield and staff, Dr. O'Reilly, Colonel Blunt, and the guard of honor from the local command of the Loyal Legion.

As the body reached the church-door it was met by a procession of the clergy and the sanctuary boys singing the "Miserere." After the casket had been placed upon the catafalque the preliminary burial service was recited, the choir singing a funeral hymn. The interior of the church was effectively draped, the feature of the decorations being the American colors blended with heavy folds of crape.

The services concluded, the little company immediately left the church. Early Friday morning a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Kervick. This service was for the convenience of the family and friends of the illustrious dead. A detail of two members of the Loyal Legion, alternating every two hours, remained with the body until the funeral, at 10 A. M. on Saturday.

The funeral on Saturday, nobly impressive in its simplicity, was attended by President and Mrs. Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet and the ladies of their families, the Judges of the United States Supreme Court, the Judges of the local courts, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives and the elective officers of both Houses, all the members of the Catholic clergy in Washington, all officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps stationed in Washington, representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion, members of the Press, and a large number of personal friends of the family. Crowds of people paid respectful homage to the dead, as the coffin was borne on a draped caisson to the tomb.

Arlington, where the dead general was laid to rest, is immediately across the Potomac in Virginia, and, having a fine elevation above the stream, it commands the city and can be seen from many of the higher points in Washington, and from the river-shore. The grounds are ample at Arlington, and a grove of fine old trees shade a charming drive from the eastern grove up to the old Lee mansion, which, with its glistening white pillars and pediment, attracts the eye of the observer at a long distance. The spot selected for Sheridan's grave is near the mansion on the hillside that slopes eastward. Standing on the spot chosen as his resting-place, one can see Washington city spread out before him in front, right and left. Georgetown is at the extreme right, and the Potomac and Annapolis Island, the bridges and the Virginia and Maryland shores are included in the broad scene. Almost in line with the tomb of Sheridan and the Capitol is the tall white shaft of the Washington Monument. Behind the spot where Sheridan's grave was dug lie the bodies of some 12,000 Union soldiers, the men who died in camp along the Potomac, the slain at Bull Run and in the Wilderness. The graves of several Union generals are near by.

In vivid contrast to the solemn scenes of Sheridan's "last ride" to his tomb are the two stirring war-time pictures, reproduced on pages 7 and 8, done by Mr. J. E. Taylor, one of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER'S special artists on the field. One depicts Sheridan's decisive and victorious encounter with the Confederate cavalry at Yellow Tavern, Va., where he completely overthrew the enemy, and where J. E. B. Stuart, its most competent and daring leader, was killed. The other is "Sheridan in the Valley"—the valley of the Shenandoah, where, early in October, 1864, his rout of General Rosser, who had been prematurely styled by the Confederates "the savior of the Valley," led up to the culminating victory at Cedar Creek a fortnight or so later. In these two scenes, and the Winchester ride, we behold the soldiers' own "Little Phil," as he will go down to glorious immortality—the beau ideal of a dashing cavalry leader, dramatically wrestling victory from the foe out of the very shadow of defeat.

#### DAILY CONNECTION FOR POINTS NORTH- WEST OF HARRISBURG,

VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

ON and after Sunday, August 5th, the Pacific Express, leaving foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets at 8 p. m., will have a daily connection for Erie and points on Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division, as well as for Canandaigua and points on the Northern Central Railway. The corresponding trains south and east bound will also run daily.

#### THE "QUEEN CITY'S" SHOW.

TELLING THE RECORD OF AN EVENTFUL CENTURY.

CINCINNATI is all excitement. Her Centennial Exposition is "on." It is a celebration of one hundred days and nights in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Ohio Valley, and designed to show the rapid progress made in one hundred years since the first white man trod her soil. Her citizens subscribed a million and fifty thousand dollars to defray expenses, and with part of this sum immense buildings have been erected which, in conjunction with permanent Music Hall—which cost a million dollars, and is capable of holding 8,000 people—furnishes nearly 900,000 square feet of space, all under one continuous roof, covering an area of forty-three acres.

A dozen States are officially interested in the enterprise, the General Government has sent a magnificent collection of curios from Washington city, and, in fact, every detail has been carried out on the most liberal scale. The attractions embrace elegant displays in Horticulture, Agriculture, Machinery, Textile Fabrics, Educational, Women's and Children's Departments, an Art Gallery made up of the masterpieces of the most celebrated artists, obtained from private galleries in all sections of the land, and all valued at \$1,500,000, and an electrical display in and about the vast series of buildings on a scale of profusion and brilliancy never seen in this country before. As the railroads have reduced their fares to low excursion rates, Cincinnati, for the next four months, will be a busy scene.

#### IN THE HIGHLANDS OF VIRGINIA.

THE interest attaching to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's tours to Luray and Natural Bridge is not all due to the attractiveness of the caverns and the bridge, although they are the chief features. These natural curiosities enjoy the additional advantage of being located in a beautiful and very healthful region. The land is high, surrounded by mountains which are continually bathed in that clear, translucent atmosphere for which these hills are celebrated. Both the Luray Inn and the Forest Inn are highly esteemed as Summer resorts. Even in the hottest weather the days are cooled by breezes and the nights are fresh and bracing. The personally conducted tours of Thursday admit of a week's sojourn amid these pleasing surroundings. The round-trip rate from New York is \$12.50, which includes a day's board at Luray Inn and admission to the caverns. The tourists' train leaves stations foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets at 9 A. M. every Thursday.

#### AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES

OF Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Dakota are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the Summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukesha, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Hotel St. Louis, Lake Minnetonka, White Bear, Excelsior Springs, and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose Winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's Line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of Summer homes, with all necessary information pertaining thereto, is being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

#### FUN.

In the political race any politician is satisfied if he gets a place.—*Midsummer Puck.*

HOWEVER extravagant a contentment may be, he always manages to make both ends meet.—*Life.*

SOME people who obey the Scriptural injunction, Love your enemies, make up for it by abusing their friends.—*Texas Siftings.*

**Burnett's Cocoaine** allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE superiority of **Burnett's Flavoring Extracts** consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

LADIES never have any dyspepsia after a wine-glass of **ANGOSTURA BITTERS**. Sold everywhere.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

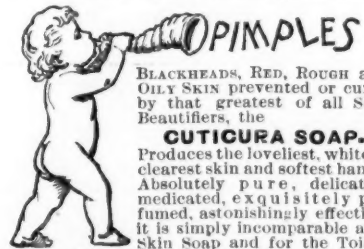
**Darlington.**  
**Runk & Co.**

Drygoods Merchants,  
IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS.

Silks and High-class Dress Fabrics.  
Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Notions,  
Dress Trimmings, Handkerchiefs,  
Embroideries, Household Drygoods,  
Paris Millinery, Costumes, Coats, Wraps, etc.  
Upholstery, Curtains and  
Furniture Decorations.

Correspondence solicited from all sections of the country regarding materials and samples.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia



#### OPIMPLES

BLACKHEADS, RED, ROUGH and  
OILY SKIN prevented or cured  
by that greatest of all Skin  
Beautifiers, the

#### CUTICURA SOAP.

Produces the loveliest, whitest,  
clearest skin and softest hands.  
Absolutely pure, delicately  
perfumed, exquisitely effective.  
It is simply incomparable as a  
Skin Soap and for the Toilet.  
Bath and Nursery. Sale greater than that of all  
other medicated toilet soaps in the world. Sold  
throughout the world.  
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.  
Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

**\$500 OFFERED**  
for an incurable case of Catarrh  
in the Head by the proprietors of

#### DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache,  
obstruction of nose, discharges falling into  
throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid,  
at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent,  
bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears,  
deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectora-  
tion of offensive matter; breath offensive;  
smell and taste impaired, and general debility.  
Only a few of these symptoms likely to be pre-  
sent at once. Thousands of cases result in con-  
sumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties,  
Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

**Pierce's** The Original  
LITTLE  
Pleasant  
LIVER PILLS.  
Purify the  
Blood & Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheap-  
est, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose.  
Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache,  
Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion,  
Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of  
the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

#### DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

#### Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
Beautifies the Skin.  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples,  
Freckles, Moth Patches,  
Rash and Skin Diseases,  
and every blemish on  
the face, and de-  
fies detection. It  
has stood the  
test of 37 years,  
and is so harm-  
less, we taste it  
to be sure the prepa-  
ration is properly  
made. Accept no  
counterfeit of similar  
name. The distin-  
guished Dr. L. A.  
Sayer said to a lady  
of the haut ton (a pa-  
tient): "Is your lady  
will use them. I re-  
commend 'Gouraud's  
Cream' as the least  
harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will  
last six months, using it every day. Also Foudre Subtile  
removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.  
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 48 Bond St., running  
through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.  
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers  
throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. 25¢ Rewar-  
d of Base Imitations. \$1.00 Reward for arrest and proof  
of any one selling the same.

STOWE, VERMONT, the most Charming Resort  
in the Green Mountains.

#### MT. MANSFIELD HOTEL.

Capacity, 500. Stables for 200 horses. Guides in  
constant attendance.

#### SUMMIT HOUSE.

Located 4,056 ft. above the sea-level, on the sum-  
mit of Mt. Mansfield, 9 miles from Mt. Mansfield  
Hotel. June to October. Descriptive circular  
upon application. SILAS GURNEY, Gen. Mgr.

**TAMAR**  
**INDIEN**  
**GRILLON**

A laxative, refreshing  
fruit lozenge,  
very agreeable to take, for  
Constipation,  
hemorrhoids, bile,  
loss of appetite, gastric  
and intestinal troubles and  
headache arising  
from them.  
E. GRILLON,  
27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.  
Sold by all Druggists.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



## High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of **Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity.** Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

### A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alternative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Florida Resorts. Send for a Florida Guide.

E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A., Chicago.

## ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.  
For Sale by all Stationers.  
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,  
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE! lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

## 24 BUILDING LOTS FREE!

How an Enterprising California City Booms Itself.

Each Square in the adjoining diagram represents a Block of 48 lots, each lot 25 x 100 feet, according to plat filed with the County Recorder, at the city of Red Bluff, Tehama County, California. Sixty feet streets divide the blocks. Ample provision is made for Public Parks, Buildings, etc. Red Bluff, the county seat of Tehama County, contains 7000 population, and is one of the most prosperous and enterprising cities in the Sacramento Valley. Oranges, Grapes and all other noted California fruits, vegetables and grain products grow in perfection in the surrounding country. These lots are within convenient distance of the center of the city, with 20 minutes rapid transit between.

In the above diagram one-half of each Block is represented in shadow. The shaded portion, or one-half of each Block will be reserved, the remaining half be GIVEN AWAY by the following method and on the following conditions:—

1. Any applicant can secure as many Free Lots as are contained in one-half of a Block (24) but no more.  
2. For each Free Lot a Complimentary Gift Order has been deposited with Mr. W. H. Whetstone, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who is the eastern agent of several large California property enterprises, and who is personally familiar with this property. Each of such Free Lot Orders calls for one lot, and they will be issued to all applicants on payment of five cents for each Order desired, to cover expense of issue and advertising.  
3. If only a portion of the one-half of a Block is desired, as many Free Lot Orders as are requested will be issued to the applicant, covering such number of Lots in a Block as the applicant stipulates.  
4. No more than 24 Free Lots can be secured by any one person. The reserved portion of each Block will not be offered for sale before January 1, 1890, and then at the price of \$25 per Lot, or \$500 for an entire half Block.  
5. This offer is made to attract the attention of eastern people, and no present resident of California can take advantage of it. For that reason the Complimentary Gift Orders can only be obtained from our eastern agent, and then only by people residing outside this State (California).  
6. Application for Free Lot Orders must be made within four weeks from the date of the paper in which this advertisement appears. Address all applications to W. H. Whetstone, Lincoln Court, Cincinnati, Ohio, who alone has the Free Lot Orders for distribution.

7. After an applicant has received the Free Lot Orders properly endorsed by our eastern agent, they can be forwarded to our office at Red Bluff, and deeds will be executed for the property in accordance with the Free Orders.  
8. Each letter of application must contain a remittance at the rate of five cents for each Free Lot Order applied for. Do not apply for less than 5 nor more than 24 Free Lot Orders, and don't send postage stamps, they will not be accepted. Make no mistake about where to apply for the Free Lot Orders, address,

W. H. WHETSTONE,  
LINCOLN COURT, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

## FINE LINEN Writing Papers.

If you want a DAY BOOK made to order,  
If you want a JOURNAL made to order,  
If you want a CASH BOOK made to order,  
If you want a LEDGER made to order,  
If you want a RECORD made to order,  
If you want a CHECK BOOK made to order,  
If you want a SALES BOOK made to order,  
If you want Paper for CORRESPONDENCE,  
If you want Paper for LETTER HEADS,  
If you want Paper for NOTE HEADS,  
If you want Paper for BILL HEADS,  
If you want Paper for TYPE WRITER use,  
If you want Writing Paper for any purpose,  
ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER

For "FINE LINEN" Paper or "FINE WRITING" Paper, made by

CRANE BROS.,  
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Used by all STATIONERS.  
Used by all BOOKBINDERS.  
Used by all LITHOGRAPHERS.  
Used by all PRINTERS.  
Sold by all PAPER DEALERS.

These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.



## THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY GOOD NEWS -TO- LADIES!

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (44 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china tea-sets given away to the party sending an order for \$35. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HAND-SOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humbug. Good Teas, 30c, 35c, and 40c per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c, and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINER-SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street,

P. O. Box 280, NEW YORK.



## ASLEEP ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.

A little child, tired of play, had pillowed his head on a rail and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a horrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the hacking cough, the hectic flush, the loss of appetite and growing weakness and lassitude, which have unconsciously crept upon you. Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Consumption, which thus insidiously fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach, must be taken in time, if it is to be overcome. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.



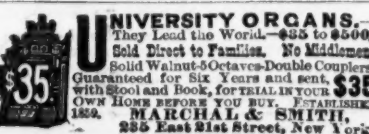
## \$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

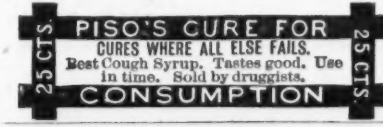
By its mild, soothing, anti-septic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.



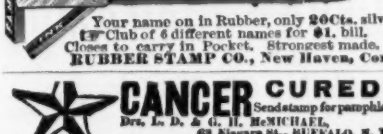
Finest toned, most durable, and possess the only absolutely correct scale. Warranted to stand in any climate. Ask your dealer for them. Catalogue free. LYON & HEALY, 162 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.



REED'S Infantry, 6th, TACTICS Military Science, \$3.00. Signal, 5th, TACTICS Display Movement, 50c. Sent postpaid by HUGH T. REED, Box 647, CHICAGO.



Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



Your name on in Rubber, only 20c. silver. Club of 6 different names for \$1. bill. Closes to carry in Pocket. Strongest made. RUBBER STAMP CO., New Haven, Conn.

Send stamp for pamphlet. Dr. L. D. & G. H. HENCHAM, 63 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## MADDENING PAIN STOPPED WITH



"Red Anchor" Registered Trade Mark.

Gout Torture, Rheumatic Agonies in the Head and Joints, &c., Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuralgia, DRIVEN OUT OF THE SYSTEM.

Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Stiff Joints, Toothache,

And all the excruciating pains, of whatever description, to which poor mortals are liable.

Speedily Dispelled and Expelled by this Marvellous Pain Destroyer,

Which has done more to alleviate human suffering in Europe than any other known medicine. NEVER FAILS TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE AND EXPEL THE MOST OBSTINATE PAINS. It has positively Cured

CASES OF OLD STANDING for which all other remedies have been tried in vain. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the world prove its efficacy.

Can be obtained of most Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, in Bottles, price 50 Cts., or direct on receipt of Stamps or Postal Orders from

Dr. Richter & Co.'s Depot for the U. S.

310 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Richter's "Guide to Good Health"

Will be sent per return mail post free.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

## WHITE TAR SOAP

Has no equal in preventing and curing Skin Diseases. Ask for it. Drug and Drygoods Stores.

THE WHITE TAR CO., 125 Warren St., N. Y.

WE SELL ALL AMERICAN BICYCLES. And guarantee LOWEST PRICES. A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, O. Largest retail stock in America.

Size	OTTO, factory price \$50.00, our price \$40.00	Price
52 in.	"	\$5.00
50 in.	"	\$5.00
48 in.	"	\$5.00
46 in.	"	\$5.00
44 in.	"	\$5.00

Order quick. Also 250 second-hand Wheels. Repairing & Nickelling. Bicycles & Guns taken in trade.

## IRON FENCE WOOD

SOLD ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Buy direct of the manufacturer and pay no Agents' commissions or dealers' profit. SEND FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Also Manuf. of WIRE FENCE NETTINGS, STABLE FIXTURES, Vases and Lawn Ornaments, "Hoosier Golf Weaner." ALL KINDS OF WIRE WORK at Factory Prices. Address B. A. REEVE & WIRE WORKS, LAFAYETTE, IND., or 100 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling out. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

WANTED—Energetic men and women everywhere for a genteel money-making business. \$50 weekly profit guaranteed easier than \$50 monthly otherwise. Express once absolutely unnecessary. Permanent position and exclusive territory assured. \$2.00 samples free. Write for particulars. Address with stamp, Merrill Mfg Co., Bldg Chicago.

## \$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free.

Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns: no cure: no sale; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

## OPIUM

Habit cured without suffering. No pay till cured. I challenge investigation. Dr. O. S. SARGENT, 22 Claremont Park, Boston.

## Frank Leslie's Budget

WIT, HUMOR, ADVENTURE, ANECDOTES.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Humorous and Sparkling Stories, Tales of Heroism, Adventure, Poetry, Satire, Etc., Etc.,

FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY THE LEADING AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Order a Copy from your Newsdealer. Published 1st of each month.

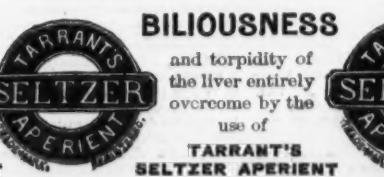
Retails at 20 cts.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,

53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.



of the stomach effectually neutralized by the use of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT



BILIOUSNESS and torpidity of the liver entirely overcome by the use of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT



COSTIVENESS cured and regular action of the bowels established by the use of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT



DYSPEPSIA and fullness after eating relieved by the use of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT





THE FRESHET OF CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.  
LONG-SUFFERING INDEPENDENT VOTER — "What! More?"

## Fraudulent Imitations

Those who cannot originate, imitate, and all so-called Porous Plasters are only fraudulent imitations of **ALLCOCK'S**. If you want the genuine article, be certain not only to ask for

"**ALLCOCK'S**,"

but look well at the Plaster and see that this



Trade

Mark

is on every one. None are genuine without it.



**COLUMBIA BICYCLES · TRICYCLES · TANDEMS**  
DURABLE · SIMPLE · GUARANTEED-HIGHEST GRADE  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE · FREE  
— POPE MFG. CO. —  
79 FRANKLIN ST. BOSTON  
BRANCH 12 WARREN ST. NEW YORK  
HOUSES 281 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.



ALL STYLES — THE AMERICAN CYCLES  
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE  
ON APPLICATION.  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY  
MFG. CO. —  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA



**BUY THE BEST.**  
WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

**THE TRAVELERS,**  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Has prospered where concerns with Cheaper.  
Rates have all died, because it could  
be relied on to

**PAY ITS CLAIMS IN FULL,**  
and they could not.

**INSURANCE MUST INSURE,**

Or even a low price is so much  
money thrown away.

**THE TRAVELERS' RESOURCES** are sufficient  
to pay AT ONCE the most enormous  
mass of claims that even great railroad  
and steamboat accidents can bring upon it.  
PAYS ALL CLAIMS, without discount,  
immediately upon receipt of satisfactory  
proofs. MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEIT-  
URE provisions in all its policies.

Ten Millions of Assets, Two Millions  
of Surplus.

Paid Policy-Holders over \$14,000,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres. RODNEY DENNIS, Sec.  
JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Sec.

AGENTS can make \$1 an hour. New Goods. Samples  
and terms free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

**BIND YOUR LESLIE'S.**  
A Perfect Book. Opens Flat.  
No Margin Used in Binding.  
Full Cloth. Gilt Title on  
Cover. By Mail, postpaid,  
on receipt of 75c.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE,  
53, 55 and 57 Park Place,  
New York.

Instructive, Entertaining and Edifying.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
**Sunday Magazine**

Edited by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Voice of the Press, without distinction of  
Creed or Church, pronounces  
this Monthly

ADMIRABLY ADAPTED FOR FAMILY READING,

And commends it to the Christian Public as

**THE BEST MAGAZINE**

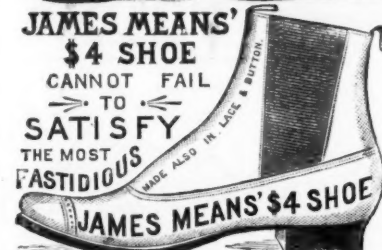
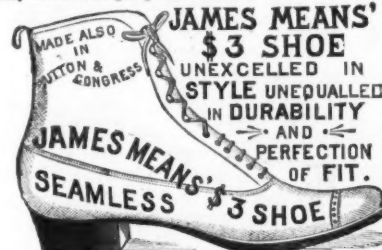
Sold by all newsdealers. Single copy, 25 cents;  
\$2.50 a year, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10 cts.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,  
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

## THE MARCH OF PROGRESS!

### OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENT!

"Competition is the life of trade," and if you have not seen our Improved \$3 Shoe, made for the Summer and Fall trade of 1888, you cannot imagine how lively trade is, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep within sight of us.  
Ask your retailer for the James Means \$3 Shoe, or the James Means \$4 Shoe, according to your needs.  
Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior shoes upon which they make a larger profit.

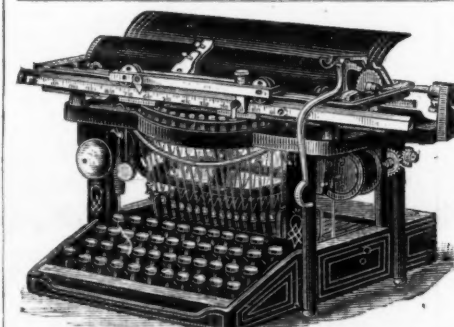


Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry, that we are now able to affirm that the James Means \$1 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair, you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.

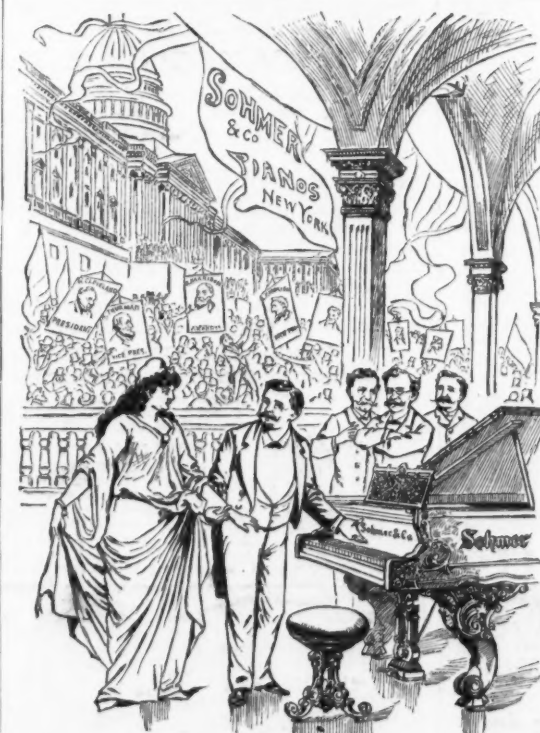
Ours are the original \$3 and \$4 Shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.  
Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO.,  
41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.



WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT — 327 Broadway, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Balto., Md.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Paul, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; London, England.



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd  
Of political combatants, clamoring loud;  
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,  
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,  
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat:  
For the SOHMER PIANO, as certain as fate,  
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88!

Copyright by SOHMER & Co., 1888.

From "The Midsummer Puck," 1888.

**PRINT PRESS \$3.** Circular size \$8. News-  
paper size \$4. Type-setting easy,  
your own printed directions. Send 2 stamps  
for catalogue presses, type, cards,  
etc., to factory.  
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

**GOLD** You can live at home and make more money at work for us  
than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Cost-  
ly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**WEIS & CO., Successors to**

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschm  
Cigars, etc., wholesale and retail.  
Repairing done. Circular free.  
399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69  
Walker St., & Vienna, Austria.  
Sterling silver m't'd  
pipes, new designs

1784.

1888.

**BARBOUR'S  
FLAX THREADS.**

USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE

—IN—  
**Embroidery, Knitting and  
Crochet Work.**

Also for Cluny, Ar'ique, Russian, Macramé  
and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout  
the country on Spools and in Balls.

**LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.**

**THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,**  
New York, Boston, Philadelphia,  
Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.



## CURE FOR THE DEAF

FEAR'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED  
EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the  
Hearing, whether the deafness is caused  
by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural  
drums. Invisible, comfortable, always  
in position. Music, conversation, whis-  
pers heard distinctly. We refer to those  
using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853  
Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for  
illustrated book of records, FREE.

"A Glass of Fashion and a Mold of Form."

**Rents in our Robes,**  
By MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

12mo, pp. 128.

A group of charming essays on dress, manners,  
deportment, education, amusement, travel, home  
relations, and social ethics in general, constituting  
a unique and brilliant review of modern life.  
Sparkling in style, modern in spirit, and of per-  
manent value.

BELFORD, CLARKE & CO., Pub'rs, 384 B'way, N.Y.

**Remington  
STANDARD  
Typewriter.**

NOTE.—Our unqualified challenge for a test of all  
Writing Machines remains unaccepted. Send for  
copy if interested.

In the Midsummer Number of  
*Puck*, a cut of which is published  
in this issue, there is a handsome  
picture descriptive of the present  
condition of affairs in the political  
world, and also showing in the  
most striking manner that, al-  
though the politicians are fighting  
amongst themselves, yet the win-  
ning ticket for 1888 in the musical  
world is the Sohmer Piano.

In the front of the picture is  
Columbia being most courteously  
received by Mr. Hugo Sohmer,  
who desires to present to her the  
"Sohmer" Piano. By the side of  
Mr. Sohmer in a group are Josef  
Kuder on the left, Mr. Charles  
Fahr in the centre, and Mr. Georg  
Reichmann at the right, rejoicing  
over the recognition of the instru-  
ment's merits on the part of Co-  
lumbia, representing the people of  
the United States. Above this is  
a banner waving the words "Soh-  
mer & Co." In the background  
one sees the Capitol, with masses  
of struggling politicians surround-  
ing Cleveland, Thurman, Harrison  
and Morton.

But in one thing they all agree:  
that is, the high position and stand-  
ing of the celebrated "Sohmer"  
Piano.

THIS INK IS  
MANUFACTURED  
BY  
J. H. BONNELL & CO. N.Y.